1474. b. 43.

THE

MORNING WALK;

OR,

CITY Encompaſs'd.

A POEM in Blank VERSE.

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]

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Draper (W. H.) Poetical Writer

THE MORNING WALK; OR, CITY Encompaſs'd.

A POEM in Blank VERSE.

By Mr Draper.

With a PROLOGUE and APPENDIX, from the beſt Poets on ſimilar Subjects.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the

EARL of BATH.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
Omnia nos LUCRET.

Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let exerciſe a vig'rous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain. COWLEY.

Labour; but ſlight not meditation:
Meditate; but ſlight not labour.
CONFUSIUS, Maxim 10th.

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MDCCLI.

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TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of BATH.

MY LORD,

THE Honour your Lordſhip has conferred upon me, by admitting me into the Number of your Acquaintance, I with a grateful Heart acknowlege, and more parti-

particularly this Inſtance of Condeſcenſion you have ſhewn, by permitting me thus to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Lordſhip's devoted,

and moſt obedient Servant,

W. H. DRAPER.

To the READER.

THE *Author of the following poem compoſed the ſame ſix months ago merely for his own private amuſement, in his leiſure hours, without the leaſt deſign at firſt of committing it to the preſs: After he had made a rough draught of it, the learned Biſhop of* Worceſter *obliged the public with his excellent Sermon on the fatal effects of the preſent almoſt univerſal abuſe of* GIN-DRINKING, *as did that worthy magiſtrate Juſtice* Fielding *with his* Enquiry, *&c.* into the late Increaſe of Robbers, *&c. both which the author having read with great ſatisfaction, he reſolved to co-operate with their laudable endeavours to check this reigning evil, by publiſhing his* Morning Walk, *in which he has endeavoured to paint this deſtructive vice in ſuch colours, as ought to deter all, who are capable of the leaſt reflection, from the practice of it; which if it ſhall in any meaſure be the means of doing, and likewiſe of contributing to the entertainment of the public, the author will*

in

in that caſe, have his whole and ſole aim, in its publication; for, Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci. *It may not be improper to apologize here to the learned reader, that the author is ſenſible ſome of the objects deſcribed, are ſcarce capable of poetical embelliſhment, (a notion perhaps contrary to a receiv'd opinion that all ideas are) but as thoſe familiar objects, and all others he has deſcribed, are ſuch, as he really encounter'd in his walk, for truth's ſake, he was unwilling to omit them.*

Avaunt ye critics too ſevere!
The motive's good, no falſhood's here:
'Tis nature's beauty charms my muſe,
To nature who wou'd praiſe refuſe?
Fair Morning calls me to the fields,
When ſpring in bloom ſweet pleaſure yields;
While various objects, ſparkling gay,
Fill with briſk joy the heart in *May*.
'Tis exerciſe my ſoul delights,
Makes ſweet the day, and calm the nights:
By which freſh bliſs I ever find,
A body healthy, eaſy mind,
From anxious perturbations free,
The only real liberty.

Can

Can riches give this?---'tis a jeſt:
The active honeſt man is bleſt.
Thomſon I own this doctrine preach'd;
Had practice his own doctrine reach'd,
We ſhould not now his loſs lament,
To dreary ſhades untimely ſent.
Experience this grand truth with me,
Dare to be happy, chearful, free;
It's bleſt effects when once you find,
You'll be the friends of all mankind;
No melancholy will moleſt
The ſun-bright mind, and radiant breaſt;
Foul, ſquint-eyed vice will take it's flight,
Nor bear th' effulgence of pure light:
Poultney inſpires theſe moral lays,
When he approves, who dares diſpraiſe?

A PROLOGUE from the Writings of the beſt Poets.

On invoking the MUSES.

GO, the rich chariot inſtantly prepare;
The queen my muſe, will take the air:
Unruly *Fancy*, with ſtrong *Judgment*, trace;
Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-plac'd *Eloquence* join with it:
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place;
Harneſs all the winged race:
Let the poſtilion, *Nature*, mount,
The coachman, *Art* be ſet;
And let the airy footmen, running all beſide,
Make a long row of goodly pride.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures* and *Sentences*,
In a well-worded dreſs;
And innocent *Loves*, and pleaſant *Truths*, and artful *Lies*,
In all their gaudy liveries.

Mount,

Mount, glorious queen! thy trav'ling throne,
And bid put on
For long, tho' chearful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day;
Where never foot of man nor hoof of beaſt
The paſſage preſs'd;
Where never fiſh did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver wings cut the low-liquid ſky;
Where bird, with painted oar, did ne'er
Row thro' the trackleſs ocean of the air.
Where never yet did pry
The buſy *Morning*'s curious eye,
The wheels of thy bold coach paſs quick and free,
And all's an open road to thee;
Whatever GOD did ſay,
Is all thy plain and ſmooth uninterrupted way:
Nay, e'en beyond his works thy voyages are known,
Thou haſt ten thouſand worlds too of thy own.
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great queen! in the ſame ſtile as he;
And a new world leaps forth, when thou ſay'ſt, *let it be.*
Thou fathom'ſt deep the gulph of ages paſt,

And can'ſt pluck up with eaſe,
The years which thou doſt pleaſe;
Like ſhipwreck'd treaſure, by rude tempeſt caſt
Long ſince into the ſea,
Brought up again to light and public uſe by thee.
Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly,
With an unweary'd wing, the other way as high:
Where fates among the ſtars do grow,
There into the cloſe neſts of time doth peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Thro' the firm ſhell, and the thick white doſt ſpy
Times-to-come a forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred ſecundine aſleep;
'Till hatch'd by the ſun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſit,
They life and motion get:
And, ripe at laſt, with vig'rous might,
Break thro' the ſhell, and take their everlaſting flight.
And ſure we may
The ſame too of the preſent ſay,
If paſt and future times do thee obey:

Thou ſtop'ſt this current; and doſt make
The running river ſettle like a lake;
Thy certain hands hold faſt this ſlipp'ry ſnake.
The fruit, which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou comfiteſt in ſweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining piece of ice,
Which melts ſo ſoon away,
With the ſun's ray,
Thy verſe does ſolidate and cryſtallize,
'Till it a laſting mirrour be:
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one ſhort point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

Cowl.

Deſcend from Heav'n, *Urania!* by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* hill I ſoar;
Above the flight of *Pegaſæan* wing:
The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou
Nor of the muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'ſt; but, heav'nly-born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal wiſdom didſt converſe;

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, thy ſiſter, and with her did'ſt play
In preſence of th' Almighty father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong ; upheld by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring : with like ſafety guided down,
Return me to my native element :
Leſt from this flying ſteed unreign'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' *Aleian* field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere ;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, tho' fallen on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n and evil tongues ;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude, yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the *Eaſt* ; ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, tho' few ;
But drive far off the barb'rous diſſonance
Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the race

Of

Of that wild rout that tore the *Thracian*
bard
In *Rodophe*, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor cou'd the muſe de-
fend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee im-
plores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.

Milton.

THE

ERRATA.

Page 1, Line 1. for *Macænas*, read *Mecænas*; p. 26, l. 5. inſtead of *plain*, read *plan*; p. 29, l. 15. inſtead of *for*, read *far*; p. 31, l. 8. for *conjenial*, read *congenial*; p. 32, l. 11. dele *and*; add *explore* to the Note on Philoſophy; p. 34, l. 11. the following Verſes ſhould be inſerted between *in its full vigor kept.*—and *I* Hatton-Garden, *&c.*

Thus purchaſe at a word my fancy's taſte,
Nor e'er depreciate honeſt induſtry.

Page 69, Line 6. *Eaſtern* ſhould be joined to *clime*, and *Orient*, to *pearl*; p. 71. l. 4. for *flow* read *ſlow*; p. 82. l. 14. inſtead of *ſoon*, read *thou*; p. 82. after *Harpſichord*, there ſhould be added, *for a young Gentleman*; p. 94, to the Title, l. 16, inſtead of *throng* read *throne*.

THE

MORNING WALK,

OR,

CITY Encompaſs'd.

DESCEND, thou heavenly muſe, *Macænas* calls;
O tune my voice to thy celeſtial lyre!
While the fair morn dawns on the drowſy world,
To ſing Creation's praiſe, and firſt to thee
Thou Power Omnipotent! O let me breathe
The grateful incenſe, let me pour my ſoul
In hymns of praiſe, to thee who dwell'ſt in light
And fair perfection! thou this nether world
Illumin'ſt, and ſupport'ſt; by thee upheld,

All creatures move; the night to thee ſends
forth
Her adoration due, thou guid'ſt us ſtill
Thro' her obſcure domain, and with the morn
Thou ſhower'ſt freſh bleſſings down; thou
ſtamp'ſt on man
Thine image, that in gratitude of praiſe
He may extol his Lord; thou kindly grant'ſt
The ſweet repaſt of reſt, 'till nature wakes
Renew'd in ſtrength, and with returning day
Still hymns thy goodneſs: gratitude alone
Thou ſeek'ſt from man, 'tis all the heart can
give.
Nor is an age, a thouſand thouſand years
Sufficient for thy praiſe; that ſhall be ſung
When nature dies; eternity ſhall tune
Her voice to thee, and all the ſons of light
Thy wiſdom, pow'r and goodneſs, paſt the
thought
Of mortal man, ſhall ſing, while glory beams
Thro' all the regions of perpetual day.

Too much for man!--thro' all th' eternal ſpace
He cannot range,---but in this lower world
He may ſurvey thy works; whence flows the
beſt,

The nobleſt bliſs below? O gentle peace
From thee it flows, and thou from innocence
Can only ſpring: Should I ſurvey my frame
Faſhion'd with wond'rous ſkill, myſterious all,
A ſoul ethereal to a maſs of clay
United, and harmoniouſly to ſhare
Of pain or pleaſure:---but reſtrain, vain man,
Thy arduous flight, nor boldly thus explore
Things paſt thy thought; while in this vale below,
Humility be thine and thankful praiſe,
Enough for thee to tread on Wiſdom's path,
And range thro' ſcenes more fitted to the pow'r
Of knowledge limited, and in the page
Of evangelic truth; ſtill preſs to grow
More perfect, while the ſoul impriſon'd here
Looks for eternity, and hopes to ſoar
With wings celeſtial to the reign of light.

Now let me haſten to the ſcene of day,
But firſt, with *Scarbro'*, *Piermont* or *Spa*,
Regale my taſte, as patriarchs of old
Drunk th' unfermented element, and felt
Its pure ſalubrious virtue; but from theſe
Still greater bleſſings flow, which brace the nerves,

And give new vigour to the languid limbs:
---Diffuſive Providence! how great thy gifts
To man! the very rocks for thee ſend forth
Their healthful ſprings, the earth indulgent yields
Her thouſand ſweets to thee.---Quick let me move
With ſtick of oak, and Tray before, and view
Fair *Ormond*'s ſtately domes; lo! ſtrikes the eyes
Great *Hardwick*'s, where reſplendent dwells
Each ſhining virtue, ev'ry manly grace,
And ſoft perſuaſion, juſtice, mercy join'd,
And truth with greatneſs, never to be ſhook;
Amid'ſt corruption firm, and nobly bent
Alone on virtue, far beyond the pow'r
Of flutt'ring pageants. He, not grandeur heeds,
But as ſubſervient to the gen'rous cauſe
Of liberty and man; on him is caſt
Each *Briton*'s eye, for him each heart implores
A length of days; ſecure he nobly ſcorns
The villain's curſe, while virtue round his brow
Wreaths the fair laurel of perpetual praiſe.

Next, as with ſympathetic pow'r combin'd
(Which virtue ever feels) preſents my ſight
Thy reſidence, O *Mede!* who long haſt ſhone
Fair learning's brighteſt ornament, and long
Her gen'rous patron,---health to thee has long,
Sung jocund ſtrains, and poverty and woe,
Fled from thy preſence;---next in thee, *Queen-Square* *
I taſte thy cup, O friendſhip! thou which yields
Bliſs paſt expreſſion, elevates the ſoul
To pure celeſtial joys;--I now aſcend
Thy heigth, O *Holborn!* there to view the ſcene
Of buſy care, the various tribes which pour
Along the ſtreets. How deſtin'd each to act
His part aſſign'd! th' arrangement fitted well
To ſuch a ſcene; how each ſubſerves to work
The gen'ral weal, and ſhew to wond'ring man,
That wiſdom guides and agitates the whole.
For lo! approach, conducted by a youth
Of ſlender age, the brute unconſcious tribes,
Which haſte to ſlaughter, and obedient yield
There lives for man, their brawny necks lay down

* Sir *James Lowther*, Governor *Law*, Mr. *Brucer*, Captain *Tullie*.

With

With dumb amazement, nor relenting feel
The deadly blow ; the bleating calves approach,
And gently yielding lambs ; nor ought avail
Their looks of innocence, alike by man
Doom'd to deſtruction ! yet let pity feel,
And while, O lordly man ! thou haſt'ſt their fate,
O weep for innocence, which bleeds for thee !
--- Another ſcene appears, the brothels now
Send forth their vermin ; ſcarce the decent form
Of womanhood remains, aghaſt they look,
And Miſ'ry paints their brow, Debauch has play'd
Her nauſeous gambols,---Thrice accurſed GIN,
Deſtruction waits on thee ! hail to the ſage !
O ever gen'rous *Hales !* who could oppoſe
The growing wretchedneſs ; let *Britain*'s chiefs
Bluſh at the proſpect ; why does juſtice * ſleep ?
O let it rouſe ! reſtrain th' impetuous ſtream
Of boundleſs riot, let corruption feel
Thy cutting edge ! or ſoon ſhall vice o'erwhelm
The ſinking land ; *Britannia* ſoon ſhall ſee
Her glory tarniſh'd, ſee her laws decay,
Her virtue languiſh, her religion fall,
While ſome invader ſhall uſurp her throne.

* Biſhop of *London*'s Letter and Supplement.

Direful

Direful exchange? perhaps ſome bigot's rage
Preſent her popiſh faith, and once again
Her land ſhall flow in blood. O Proteſtant!
Thou lovely name, ſince firſt thou caſt thy beam
O'er this benighted land, what bleſſings thou
Haſt brought! — *Potoſi*'s mines, the wealth of *Ind*
Are naught to thee, when in thy native grace
Thou ſmil'ſt---Be *Cranmer*, **Latimer*, *Farrar*
Dear to remembrance! *Hooper*, *Ridley*, ſhare
The gratitude; to them let ſtreams of blood
All flow in purple tides, who durſt defy
Dire perſecution's flames! and *Herring* † thou!
Who in times perilous begirt thy loins,
And put thy breaſt-plate on, and boldly bid'ſt
Defiance to her foes, thou generous chief
Of all the ſacred band, regard'ſt not life,
And thought it well beſtow'd in virtue's cauſe.

Again diſaſtrous! dreadful to behold
A wretch obſcure amid'ſt the ſacred dead
Has impiouſly rang'd who durſt diſturb

* Theſe five Biſhops, *Canterbury*, *London*, *Worceſter*, *Glouceſter*, St. *David*'s, were burnt at *Oxford*, and other parts, in Queen *Mary*'s reign, *Anno* 1557. Howel's *Meaulla*.

† See Confuſius's morals on the ſubject of valour, IId Book.

Their

Their hallow'd Aſhes, and in gloomy tombs *
Tranſact the deeds of hell; hold caitiff, hold
Thy ſacrilegious hand; thoſe monuments
Shall ſpeak, and curſe thee: peaceful in the grave,
O let the dead remain! enough of woe
They felt while here, and ſhalt thou dare moleſt
Their venerable relicks; horrid deed!
But lo! the eager ſtep removes apace
From thee *St. Giles*'s, from all thy loathſome ſcenes;
Induſtry now in all her native grace
Salutes my eyes, a BAKER † there behold!
Diffuſing gladneſs round, thy gracious boon
O *Ceres!* while with jocund face the crowd
Regale on thy repaſt; to him what praiſe
Appears not due? --- call him not mean, or baſe,
Tho' a mechanic, yet thrice worthy he
Obedient ſtruggles in his proper ſphere,
And more than kings, than rulers, who betray
Their truſt, or ſtateſmen, who can baſely ſell
Their country, is preferr'd; but friendſhip now
Again, O let me taſte thy ſweets! I wait

* St. *Andrew's*, St. *Giles*'s *Church-yards.*

† *Jeacocks*, moderator of the ſociety at the *Robin-hood.*

To

To reliſh all the bliſs of ſocial life,
With thee, O *Ryves!* * recounting all the toils
On *Neptune*'s wide domain, happly I ſee
My friend ſecur'd 'gainſt fortune's partial frown,
And ſtill increaſing in each ſocial grace.

Onwards---a courier next, with early horn
Uſh'ring the mail from *North* or *Weſt* appears,
From baſe *Banditti*'s † claws eſcaped free,
In aid to th' circle of commercial life;
And from afar, from *Perſia*'s diſtant bounds
Wafting intelligence, ev'n from the clime
Of impure Gombroon; ‡ hapleſs there who dwell
By force coercive, and a tyrant's law;
By whom fair liberty is trampled on,
And conſcience § diſregarded, nature's gifts,

* *Argyle Buildings.* The Author contributed to his marriage with a lady poſſeſſed of 22,000 *l.* but what is more, of every virtue.

† *Macklane* and *Plunket.*

‡ *Gombroon.*] The author's eldeſt ſon, forcibly ſent there againſt his will by Mr. *W——e*, then governor of *Bombay.*

§ *Conſcience.*] The Company's ſervants, aldermen in the court of juſtice there, if not voting in a cauſe agreeable to the governor's (*W——e*'s) will, are baniſhed to ſubordinate ſettlements.

The fruit of the rich plain deny'd the poor,
Who ſink by famine, and th' oppreſſor's
* hand !
Another brings with ſpeed from *Indoſtan*,
The welcome news endearing to the ſoul,
From offspring ſweet, relating all his ‡ toils
In ſultry clime, or wat'ry element.
I ſympathetic, on th' endearing ſeal
Impreſs a kiſs, and doubling all the joy,
Impart it to my mate, from whence flows
bliſs
Beyond deſcription great.---Lo there a man ! §
Imploring charity, who moves the ſoul
To tender feeling,---another here collects

* Mr. *W——e* late governor of *B———y*, who is daily expected home in the ſhip *B———n*.

‡ The author's ſecond ſon, who wrote the narrative of the Ship *Boſcawen*'s voyage, publiſhed in *October* laſt, and is now in the Company's covenant ſervice, but the loweſt writer ſent out that year 1749.

§ A poor man, at the upper end of *Tyburn* road with two wooden legs. In the hard froſt, 1739. he loſt his own by an oſtler throwing cold water on him aſleep in the ſtable.

He bravely ven'tring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down
And wounded ſore : his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak :
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt
The knee with one of timber's propt
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other
And takes place tho' the younger brother. *Hud.*

Great

Great *Cæſar*'s right,---next *Ceres*' golden ears
Bedeck'd in rich array, luxuriant come,
The jocund ſwain rejoicing on them waits,
And whiſtles as he goes, the ſturdy wheels
Beneath the burden groan;---*Pomona* now
And ſmiling *May*, with variegated hue
Their tribute offer, fragrant;---next appear
The merry milkmaids from the neighb'ring fields,
Chanting their pleaſing tales, jocoſe, of love,
Refreſh'd, I, devious *Kilbourn*! to thy ſpring
Stray pleas'd, or *Hide-park*, to thy healthy air,
Where now contiguous, Majeſty ſerene
Dwells Lord of nations.---School-boy next appears
Haſt'ning to nature's beſt and trueſt nurſe.
---But who's yon widow there? thus early up
In homely ſtall, waiting the coming day,
She wrings her hands, and thus with ſorrow's tone
Relates her diſmal tale,---alas! my ſon
Cut off in nature's ſtrength, reduc'd in youth
By GIN to ſecond childhood;* pitying I behold,

* Alluding to *Hebrews*, xiii. and 3.

Her grief; rememb'ring ſuch is nature's lot.
But now again to thee, O noble *Hales!*
I grateful Incenſe give; and *Secker* thou!
Demand'ſt my praiſe, who with this noble chief
With well-meant purpoſe, ſtood the foe of vice.

---But who are they? marching thus early dreſs'd,
With ſwords begirt, with falt'ring tongue, and voice,
Some direful purpoſe meditating, ſad,
Far from true honour; * which needs no defence
So foul as this, Now onward as I move
Lo! *Innis'* fate invades my aſtoniſh'd ears,
Ah direful tale! too early did he fall,
He was the praiſe of men.---But lo! a band
Advance, and 'mongſt them *Circe* deals her charms.

* *Honour*] hurt, is wont to rage
With *pain* no med'cine can aſſuage,
For *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech,
Juſt in the place where *honour*'s lodg'd
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in that part, more
Hurts *honour*, than deep wounds before.

Avaunt

Avaunt *Silenus!* thy lewd revels vile!
Cold *Ruſſia*'s troops, in a more Northern clime,
Are diſciplin'd far better, than to waſte
Their ſtrength in fev'riſh GIN; is this the ſcene *
Of execution military? more
It ſeems *Silenus*' Banquet. Ah 'tis done.
† No mercy meets the wretch; it is not due
If *George* can give it not, whoſe royal breaſt
Glows with forgiveneſs.---But now change the ſcene
My willing muſe, to objects fitted more
To ſacred fire; lo now the roſy morn
Forth ſpreads her balmy wings, and bids me move
To realms of peace, driving the miſts away;
The morn to muſing due, and ſacred ſong.
All herbs and blades ſpeak forth th' Almighty's praiſe.
Nature's beneficent where'er I turn,
In vaſt profuſion---all the nimble deer

* Two ſerjeants ſhot in *Hyde-park* for deſertion, *&c.* by ſentence of a court-martial.

† The author ſaw the meſſenger returning from the king at *Kenſington*, and the execution.

And couchant creatures, to th' Almighty's pow'r
Dumb elocution breathe, the linnet, lark,
The cuckow, thruſh, the blackbird, all the
tribe
Of feather'd Songſters to the King of day
Rehearſe their oraiſons. See he beaming comes
From yonder ſhining eaſt! before him fly
Thick miſts and fogs, and by his chearful face
All nature looks ſerene, and conſcious owns
His all-enlivening pow'r. Here let me pauſe,
And ſing to *Thomſon*, his deſcriptive muſe
Rang'd nature thro', and like great *Milton*
ſearch'd
In all her boundleſs vaſt;--lo! thus he paints
The ſummers blaze, and bids frail man awake
To chaunt Creation's praiſe, and nature's God.

'Falſely luxurious, will not man awake;
'And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
'The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
'To meditation due, and ſacred ſong?
'For is there aught in ſleep can charm the
'wiſe?
'To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
'To fleeting moments of too ſhort a life?
'Total extinction of th'enlighten'd ſoul!

'Or

' Or elſe to fev'riſh vanity alive,
' Wilder'd and toſſing through diſtemper'd
' dreams?
' Who wou'd in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
' Longer than nature craves, when ev'ry muſe
' And ev'ry blooming pleaſure wait without,
' To bleſs the wildly devious, morning walk?
' But yonder comes the powerful king of day
' Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſs'ning cloud,
' The kindling azure, and the mountain's
' brow
' Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
' Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
' Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd
' air,
' He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
' And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd
' plays
' On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs and wand'ring
' ſtreams,
' High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer,
' Light!
' Of all material beings firſt and beſt!
' Efflux divine! nature's reſplendent robe!
' Without whoſe riſing beauty all were wrapt
' In uneſſential gloom, and deadly night.

Gradation

Gradation ſoft---thy melliſluous ſtrains,
O *Littleton!* I ſing, the muſe's friend,
But chief in thy bright ſoul is charity,
Superior ſhining, which with ev'ry grace
Adorns thy name, thy vein poetic flows
In lyric numbers, e'en in proſe thou ſhin'ſt
With ſtrength reſiſtleſs. See! St. *Paul* appears
In evangelic Majeſty, and zeal
Of perſecution, popiſh zeal, diſarm'd,
Which melts, O *Watts!* to thy true chriſtian peace;
Thus wou'd I ſing, but fearing to offend
Thy modeſt ears, or rouſe the critic's ſnarl,
The demagogue's blind rage, and ſerpent's tongue,
Wily, let *Bower*'s pages cloſe my ſong.
Hail ſatisfying thought in virtue's cauſe!
While conſcience in her native truth array'd
Leads on the way!---But ſee the mowers there!
My raviſh'd ears! hark to the whetſtones keen
Sharp'ning their ſcythes! Two of my ſenſes thus
Regal'd, profuſe, luxurious, happy feaſt!
What need we more in this ſoft paradiſe?
But thou, great *George*, and thy illuſtrious line!

Behold

---Behold the ranger there! with gun aſlant
As juſt now iſſuing from his cottage * fold
With crew *Cerberian* prowling o'er the plain
To guard the harmleſs deer, and range them in
Due order ſet, to their intended uſe.
Key he can furniſh, but muſt firſt receive
One ſplendid ſhilling, e'er I can indulge
The pleaſing walk, and range the verdant field.
But let my footſteps firſt purſue their courſe
To yon clear fountain, hid in ſhady grove
And quaff the clear ſalubrious cryſtal brook,
Emblem of purity! when innocence
Partakes, and all the waken'd ſenſe reſtores.
O bleſſed *Jordan!* at thy limpid ſtream,
Gladly I mingle with the chearful throng,
And drink the cup, and then renew my walk
With ſtrengthen'd nerves, down the delightful ſhade;
And nought is wanting to fill up the meaſure
Of this ſweet bliſs compleat, but ſocial joy.
How ſolitary this fair morn I paſs
Without a friendly intercourſe! elſe time
I thoughtleſs ſhou'd prevent thy rapid flight

* Lodge, in *Hyde-park.*

With more than eagle's wings; but now alone,
Meet I not one of philoſophic turn,
Not one *Aurora*'s friend? where my compa-
nions!
Enquirers into nature's works, her laws,
And all the depths, and myſt'ries of the mind!
What thoſe enquirers free, * lethargic now?
What! meet I none in this delightful morn?
This bliſsful, happieſt hour of time; but thoſe
Skill'd in *Palladio*'s art, or croſs-legg'd
† knights,
Juſt riſing from St. *Monday*'s late debauch,
Triumph of GIN!---Nature's kind gift, ſoft
ſleep!
Reviſit thou deſerving eyes, which cloſe
When day's returning task is done; thoſe beds
Avoid, which pamper wanton eaſe and ſloth,
And baniſh ev'ry virtue from the ſoul;
'Oh! why ſeal'ſt thou the wearied ſeaboy's
'eyes,
'In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,

* Of the *Robin-hood* Society.

† From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights;
This ſturdy ſquire, he had, as well
As the bold *Trojan* knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden boughs, but true gold lace.

'And

'And rock his brains in quiet eaſy ſleep,
'Yet in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night
'Deny'ſt it to a king?'--Bleſt privilege!
But lo! a faithful ſpaniel * there ſtretch'd out
Not food for powder meet, relentleſs gun!
See too the jolly courſer, with his groom
Expert, not like to him who *Perſia*'s crown
Obtain'd, yet ſkill'd with upright creſt and arm,
Compacted knee, to give the rein and bitt
Their motion due, his flight retarding not.
---Next *Faubert* view with graces of menage,
And troops of horſe in ſtricteſt motion wheel,
The foot too rang'd in column's equal rank
With glorious *William* ſparkling in their front,
Attentive to reſtore good diſcipline!
O *Culloden!* thy plains I image here,
And all great *Brunſwick*'s glories riſe to view.
But lo, what fabrick tow'ring to the ſkies,
Standing a-croſs the wide extended plain,
In ſymmetry, in fair proportion juſt!
Seeming as if by *Boyle*'s directive hand
Uprear'd, an habitation fit for thee

* Gentlemen's dogs ſhot in the park by the keepers, a cruel cuſtom.

Illuſtrious *George!* Here ſweet-tongu'd *Stanhope* dwells
With all his train of virtues.---But O morn!
O give me yet a more extenſive view!
And let me taſte thy thouſand balmy ſweets
And freſh delights: For lo! great *Surrey*'s heights
And ſmiling vales beneath; fair *Ran'lagh*'s top,
Gay peeping, in high circumambient form,
And thou St. *George!* thou manſion which diſplays
Fair charity! and as we nearer view
Her amiable ſeat, more grateful ſtill
To the o'erflowing mind, where ſick and lame
Find refuge from diſeaſe. But ah, alas!
Richmond and *Montague* can aid no more,
No more their praiſe by * *Lincoln*, *Birch* is ſung!
But next deſcending to the mazy bank
Of form ſerpentine, there along I view
Its gentle waters, while on ev'ry ſide
The grateful ſcene's diverſify'd, and all
Irriguous for contemplation fit,
If not ſuſpended by the direful ſight

* His ſermon before the duke of *Richmond*, and governors of the *London Hoſpital*, *April* 6th, 1749. at St. *Laurence Jewry*.

Of

Of Offspring flowing from irreg'lar flame
And lawleſs love: O *pitious ſhocking* ſight!*
Lo! there, the buſy world confus'dly move;
Some, O *Bethesda!* to thy ſacred pool
And ſalutary ſtreams, but mingling falſe
Deluſive pleaſures in thy cup: yet ſome
Repair to thee for thy pure healing pow'r:
O what inſenſate folly! to deſtroy
With a raſh hand the ſtructure built by heav'n,
And then endeavour fondly to reſtore
By art too weak, its ſtrength, and beauty loſt;
Know temperance, and virtue's ſacred pow'r,
When join'd, alone preſerve the work divine,
And give perfection: ſuch the will of heav'n:
The temple's beauty elſe is incomplete.
† Admire we then *Jehovah*'s bleſſings here!
Here *Tophet* dwells, but with a mod'rate heat,
O bounteous hand! how overflows thy love!
The nations round to thee for health reſort,
O gracious God! and king! who freely give,
Of one the ſprings we hold, one makes us free.
Here let me hail thee, *Allen!* greatly good

* Baſtard children drown'd in the *Serpentine-river*.

† Theſe ſix lines, on the left hand entering the queen's bath, paraphraſed.

To thee, O *Bath!* to thee, and to the world,
The poor's reſource, and friend of all mankind.
How are *Betheſda*'s wonders here renew'd,
Nay more, that ſacred pool but annual heal'd,
And then but one: this happier myriads cures,
The wond'rous miracle reſtor'd to all.
Hail ſalutary ſpring! bleſt ſource of health,
Thy vital fire gives vigour to the limbs,
And lights afreſh the brilliant lamp of life.
Thy boon, O *Bath!* ſhall doctors then withſtand,
Perſuaded by that baſe corruptor, gold;
In town the rich too long detain'd, lament,
So late they taſte thee, that thy pow'r, tho' great
Cannot their fate avert, or nature's laws
Suſpend---Death ſpeedy on the road appears,
Or grants a week's reprieve in miſery;
O happier poor by far, on crutches bending,
Barr'd from a doſe, you taſte the native ſpring!
Your nerves and ſtrength renew'd, by bathing here
Thankful and glad proclaim it ſoon aloud
By trophies plac'd, your monuments of joy.
Why with thy art, divine *Hippocrates!*

To heal the body, did'ſt thou leave the ſoul?
Why mend it not, why by thy heav'nly pow'r
Did'ſt thou not give us this far richer ſtore?
Next carriages on Majeſty await,
And travellers in different forms appear;
But lo! what fiſhermen of monſtrous bulk,
With hungry pike entangled at the hook?
The puny boat ſtrains to the cumbrous load,
As *Raphael*'s bark in his far-fam'd cartoon.
But hark! the ſound of ſeven bids me leave
O *Kenſington!* thy walks and verdant plains!
Reluctant I obey, till morrow comes,
With ſleep refreſh'd; * ſhould not the ſky,
With *Eurus* or with *Boreas*' keener blaſts
Seem big: or all ſubmiſſive! may I ask
Atlantic's ſoft and more propitious gales.
I now digreſſive wander, but not toſt
As ſhips with ſtormy winds, with helm unhung,
While all the terrors of the raging main
Stand up in dread array; but to a port
Securely calm, as thy bright manſion, *Bath!*

* ——— ——— O ſacred reſt!
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! of all the pow'rs the beſt!
O peace of Mind! repairer of decay;
Whoſe balms renew the labours of the day
Cure ſhuns thy ſoft approach, and ſullen flies away.
Dryd. Virg.

Where

Where oft in thy polite, thy ſweet converſe,
The hours have gently flow'd; what thought can paint
The ſocial pleaſure with ſuperior ſouls!
Sometimes down *Conſtitution-Hill* I turn
My ſteps, and from this height I pleas'd ſurvey
The huddl'd landſcape, like to humming bees
In hives enclos'd; here crowds thy levee wait,
O upright *Pelham!* there, retirement ſweet
Of all thy leiſure hours, O *Caroline!*
How fortunate! how happy this bleſt morn!
Here to meet *Slingſby*, ſoft, in manners free,
Gentle, polite, now juſt on the return
From his accuſtom'd draught, and I with him
Revive the friendly talk; how paſſes time!
Not keeping portion'd pace with eager ſteps;
Lucinda blooming view, who far excels
This ſummer's morn! Fair virtue's robe ſhe wears,
With ſparkling eyes, bright ebon-ſhining hair
And ſmiling innocence, more than the pow'r
Of painting can expreſs, O mark her form!
Her ſhape and air! and *Amaryllis* there
Rehearſing tales of love...-And here a ſeat

Ah!

The muſe once deign'd to chuſe, in concert where
The houſhold gods late danc'd, but now how fall'n!
Ambition, law, what havock had ye made,
E'er *Sheffield* could again repair each grace.
Ah! *Pimlico*'s* deteſted haunt ſo near,
Ill ſuits thee, where the graces us'd to dance.
What do I ſee? † romantic waters flow
Before my eyes, with ſpectres on the wave.
What means this groupe of melancholy forms?
This, raſhly urg'd her fate, for hopeleſs love,
Fair and young victim! that, in age advanc'd,
Puſh'd by neceſſity's o'er powerful hand,
Too boldly quitted life's laborious path;
The ſcene's too ſhocking for a tender heart,
Avert yourſelves, my eyes! O was my pow'r
Extenſive as my will! not one ſhould ſink
Beneath th' oppreſſive weight of burthen'd life.
But turn, my ſoul, from thoughts which pain the mind,

* *Pimlico.*] Once a well-known receptacle for a ſet of men who are a ſhame to the human ſpecies; polluted by a crime which is not fit even to be named among chriſtians. See them deſcribed in the latter part of the firſt Chapter of St: *Paul*'s epiſtle to the *Romans*.

† *Roſamond*'s pond in the park.

Behold great *George*, his royal ſeat! he now
Within his cloſet views the bright'ning morn
In meditation fix'd, for public good;
A mind benevolent as his, with pow'r,
Muſt plain the preſent age's happineſs,
And diſtant realms, and empires have in view.
How great the Soul! how godlike! thus employ'd,
And worthy circling time's perpetual praiſe!

Here noble *Marlbrough*'s palace charms the eye,
And *Portland*'s there; whoſe ſtar diſtinguiſh'd breaſts
With ſocial, and connubial virtues blaze:
In them the huſband, father, maſter, friend
Shine ſtrong with blended and united rays,
And dazzle with their mingled lights the mind.
Now *Dodſley*'s ſhop with poetry divine,
And moral lay, makes time paſs heedleſs by.
O let me now to *Egmont*'s Dome repair,
Egmont of bright, patrician * blood whoſe ſoul

* Patricians had the precedence of the *Conſulares*, and took place before them in the ſenate. *Charlemagne* took the title of patrician before he aſſumed that of emperor.

Is

Is with the Patriot's virtues truly great:
Lo, *White*'s ill-omen'd manſion! where the Sons
Of lawleſs wealth in *Circe*'s fatal cup
Drown all their reaſon, and transform themſelves
More hideous by foul vice, than thought can frame.
From ſuch abhorred ſcene the mind recoils:
Lewdneſs, deſpair and agonizing woe
For heart-broke parents, ruin'd families,
The beſt of friends betray'd, and honour loſt;
Sad emblem of the pains of *Milton*'s hell;
So late from thee do livid ſtars bolt out?
Or early ſhall I ſay,---fame, health, eſtate,
Adieu!---Vice like an ocean ſwallows all.
How diff'rent we, they ſeek their pleaſure there,
But I content, in the free country air.
Sometimes to *Chelſea* deviouſly I ſtray,
Contemplate *Britain!* here thy braveſt ſons
Worn in thy ſervice, how they live ſecure
In life's decline from all its adverſe ſhocks,
Here two-fold gratitude ne'er fails to ſhine;
But O! how mix'd! how chequer'd are the ſcenes!
Which make my joy and grief alternate flow;

View *Duffil*'s there! Avert my guſhing eyes
No more to ſuch unhallow'd ſight return,
Whether the cauſe or more th'effect to mourn:
Benevolent one, *M-n-oe* has fifty clear.
What ſhameful Impoſition on the lot
Of human miſery? lo! the doctor comes
With ruful face to view the humbling ſcene:
Preſcribes a drench with curſes ſwallow'd down;
Then claims his ſal'ry, juſt ſo much a year.
My Morning's ſweet excurſion now perform'd
I back return thro' fragrant, flow'ry lanes,
Thick-ſet with honey-ſuckle; near them lies
A bright diſplay of the wiſe gard'ners art,
Which with ten thouſand ſweets my ſenſe regales.
Now let me wander thro' the pleaſing walk;*
To *Dorſet-Court* † and there my thought revive
With ſweet profuſion of delightful ſcenes,
Or wing by talk the hours in ſwifter flight.
See *Anſon*, *Warren*, plac'd in proper ſphere,
Or noble *Piercy*'s heir, *Piercy* whoſe ſoul
Embraces with benevolence mankind,
His mind magnificent declares itſelf

* *Bird-Cage Walk.*
† Mr. *Kirk*'s.

By

By that grand building's fair aſcending height.
At *Charing-Croſs* what ſolemn ſtatue ſtands?
In melancholic majeſty it ſeems,
Yet with the traces of a noble ſoul,
And mind intending good: had not blind zeal
Kindled the nation into horrid war,
Perhaps, his people's father juſtly call'd.
What ſong * now ſtrikes my ear replete with ſhame
Of *Engliſh* beauty? can Banditti fierce
With pity move, ſoft, tender, female minds?
Thy infamy is ſhaded by ſuch crimes
M---ne! too happy in thy country's guilt.
What muſt th'unwilling mind again deſcend
To bagatell's at *Deard*'s---of thee enquire
O *Blakiſton!* what price for *India*'s freights
At hall of lead now bear---how chicane rules,
And what the public ſuffers by ſuch arts.
At *Tonſon's*, *Heylin!* thy great work † I view,
With rev'rence, which explains the book divine,
And for celeſtial viſion the weak eye
Strengthens --- thou good, thou wond'rous, learned man!

* The lady's tears, or *M----ne* in *Limbo*.
† Theological lectures on the Bible.

Moſheim

Moſheim too, thy memoirs of *China-Land*
I thoughtful read: there ſee how policy
With av'rice mixt cou'd th' infant church
embroil
And Jeſuits be too ſubtle for a Pope.
Thy ſweets, O *Covent-Garden!* charm the
morn!
In all the rich attire of laviſh nature deck'd.
I in my way meet with *Pomona*'s gifts
Pour'd in abundance; fruits of ev'ry kind
Products of art, or nature in this clime;
How ſweet theſe myrtle rows, how fragrant
there
The peach, the downy plumb, and blooming
flow'rs.
Now in my path to famous *Leiceſter*'s ſeat
I come; where to my gladded eyes behold!
Great *George* * preſents himſelf in armour clad,
Whoſe brow majeſtic, yet with goodneſs mixt
Both terror ſtrikes and love, as on the *Rhine*,
When *Gallia*'s ſons he ſmote with panic fear,
Or *Germany* ſupported with his arm
Againſt th' invading, *Ottomanic* pow'r.
Contemplate well his look, where royal care,

* *George* I. on horſeback in *Leiceſter-ſquare*, brought from *Cannons*.

And

And weight of empire ballanc'd ſeems with love
Of lib'ral arts and happy fruits of peace.
O gen'rous *Chandos!* were the ruins thus
Of thy magnificence improv'd, I then
Should not lament to ſee their empty waſte
Where once thy noble ſeat rear'd high its head.
Happy, O noble *Sidney*'s ſeat! to be
Poſſeſs'd by a conjenial *Soul*, whoſe breaſt
Refulgent ſhines with all the gentle virtues,
Conſpicuous in his race. Th' humaneſt mind,
With ev'ry noble ardor intermixt,
The charities of father, huſband, warmeſt friend,
And all the ſplendor of the *Brunſwick* line.
Now the freſh fragrant air I breathe in fields
With gardens intermixt; th' aſcending ſun
In all his glories ſtrikes my eyes: my ſoul
A ſoft inſinuating rapture feels.
Hail ſource of light! parent of nature's charms,
Thy ray vivific makes the heart of man
Exult as if by nectar rais'd, or wine,
How gay thou from the *Orient* com'ſt, which ſhines
Behind thee bright with thy reflected rays:

Thou

Thou paint'ſt all nature with thy radiant
beams,
Who owes her faireſt charms to thee, great
fount
Of the returning beauties of the year!
All hail! once more, and through my body
ſpread
Freſh life and vigour: thence *Apollo* nam'd.
Satiate with objects that intrance the ſenſe
I devious wander here and there, nor heed
The flying hours while thus enwrapt in bliſs:
There *Bedford*, *Taviſtock*, both glorious ſhine
For charities renown'd and glorious deeds,
And long may great *Ruſſel*'s line, in fame ſer-
vive.
Extatic: hail philoſophy * all hail!
With health and innocence the balm of life,
Strengthen'd by *Panacæan* exerciſe.
Lo! there before me trips a damſel clean
With looks of innocence and blooming love
Sweet-muſing, on ſome ſhepherd half intent,
Half mindful of the way: how fair is love

* How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæſar*, and the great *Naſſau*. Gar.

In youth's firſt bloſſom, and the ſpring of life!
Thus entertain'd with pleaſing thought, ſhe walks
To country wake, or fair, to meet her ſwain:
No greater pleaſure can the drama give,
The drama by an *Addiſon* refin'd,
Or ſome bright moral pen, the mind's repaſt.
What ſpectacle more glorious, than to ſee
Immortal virtue ſtruggling with the pow'r
Of adverſe chance: to ſee the good and brave
Dauntleſs in virtue's cauſe, deſpiſe the frown
Of raging tyrants, pain, and gloomy death.
I now regale myſelf; for nature craves
A due refection: hark the rapid hour
Salutes my ear with nine: I riſe refreſh'd
And haſte to joys domeſtic, which my heart
Can feel, but eloquence poetic ne'er
Can fully paint: in ſweet viciſſitude,
I find repoſe and ev'ry mortal bliſs,
In the reception of the kindeſt friend,
And all th' endearments of a tender wife.
But ah! what heads are thoſe transfix'd in air,
Conſpicuous rear'd on tall aſpiring poles,
And broiling in the ſun? unhappy men!
They blindly did diſturb their country's peace,

And pluck down vengeance from the gentleſt hand,
Upon themſelves: for *George*'s noble ſoul
With worth and mercy fill'd, delights to ſave,
My mind that in compaſſion takes delight,
Is quite relentleſs here: but change the ſcene;
There mendicants diſtreſs'd approach, who move
With plaintive tone my ſoul, I ſome relieve,
Then travel on, till at ſome plenteous ſtall,
I cheapen the ſeas' dainties; or the barns
Delightful food, for health and perfect taſte,
By temperance in it's full vigour kept.
I *Hatton-Garden* then regain with joy,
Her limits enter now, how ſweet by love! *
And here *Cathai* † thy harmleſs liquor ſip,
In ſoft connubial intercourſe of joy,
Or rice concoct of *Mangalore Onore*,
Surat-patchie, ‡ more eligible far;
Recounting o'er the objects of the morn,
And various ſcenes of momentary time;
I next ſit down with a delightful book

* Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In paradiſe of all things common elſe, *&c.*

† Milton Book X. l. 293.

‡ Fineſt ſort of *Mangalore* rice.

Or

Or pen in hand to crown the growing day.
Or elſe if bus'neſs calls, transform'd in dreſs
Repair to where (how different the ſcene!)
The ſons of diligence and gain frequent,
The well-known *Coffee-Room*, which has its name
From that great city fam'd in holy writ:
I mark the face preciſe, and eye aſquint,
With the diſtorted airs of bloated pride,
Swelling to *Polypheme*'s * enormous ſize:
Not ſo at *Lloyd*'s, or *Garraway*'s, where reign
Humanity with freedom mixt and ſenſe.
Return'd by three, I with my friend partake
The nobleſt feaſt; plain, wholſome meat, and talk
Of mutual love: no better chear can kings,
Nor *Eaſt* afford, with all its haughty pomp.
For freedom there is baniſh'd, and the face
Of fair ſincerity, the child of truth.—

Welcome, fair light! reviſiting theſe eyes,
I dreſs, my former pleaſures to renew,
And as my fancy leads, ſometimes I rove
To *Richmond*, and with upright *Impey* dine;
Or diſtant *Highgate*'s riſing height, and breathe

* Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye:
For only one did the vaſt frame ſupply. *Dryd. Virg.*

The fragrant air, while the wide proſpect
charms
My ſight with a delightful op'ning ſcene:
My eye o'er the bright landſcape wanders
pleas'd
With varying objects, that amuſe the mind.
I then with hoſpitable *Bootle* ſhare
The gen'rous meal, and converſe of a friend.
Or *Hampſtead*'s more frequented path purſue,
Thro' diff'rent ſcenes of rural beauty join'd,
Attended by my faithful, ſprightly dog,
And reſt myſelf at *Vipont*'s riſing ſeat,
Or friendly *Burrow*'s, whoſe officious care
Is ever ready to embrace his friends.
How is my mind delighted and improv'd
With converſation chearful, ſerious, varied ſo
As to exalt and entertain the mind.
My eye on nature's wonders opens round,
Refulgent ſcene! freſh views invite to more,
Where'er I turn, in beauteous circle charm'd.
I now a ſummit gain, from whence I view,
O ſilver *Thames!* thy richly burden'd ſhips,
Slow moving, as in changing picture paſs.
The contemplation of my country's pow'r,
Sweet feaſt! thou tun'ſt th' enliven'd ſoul!
How rich the ſcene! th' horizon round pre-
ſents

Bright

Bright variegated charms! here groves, there plains
And vallies ſpread their varied boundleſs ſtore:
Here woody mountains raiſe their leafy heads,
And bound the proſpect with a ſhady green
The haunt of birds, aerial minſtrel's ſweet.
My thought entranc'd is raptur'd, and amaz'd
To ſee ſuch emblems riſe of paradiſe,
And *Eden*'s happy region in the *Weſt*,
All water'd as a garden, choſe by heav'n.
How blooming!—Contemplate St. *Pancras* there
For ſalutary waters fam'd of old,
And evangelic pages firſt preach'd up.
Fields interſpers'd with gardens, cottages,
Now pleaſe my ſenſe; ſweet fruit of exerciſe!
But oh! what direful object ſtrikes my ſenſe!
With horror moving all my ſoul. *Deſchair!**
Thy aged virtue now is put to proof
And calls for all thy patience. Good old man!
Cou'd not entreaty bend that ſavage breaſt
To ſtop a moment, wont ſo oft to ſpend
Whole hours in beſtial riot. But what words can aid
Where virtue fails, tho' ſilver'd o'er with age.
Stop villain! 'tis in vain; thy leg is cruſh'd

* Vicar of *Kentiſh-town.*

In

In venerable age, and cruel pain
Muſt ſtill imbitter the laſt draught of life,
While amputation by the ſurgeon's hands
Muſt ſave the remnant of thy fading day.
Thou good old man! Heaven knows I pity thee;
Sure Heav'n deſign'd to call the chriſtian forth
And make thy virtues ſhine by patience bright
Cou'd ſuperſtition taint a chriſtian mind
With *Bramin*'s viſions; then on *Friday*'s morn
I ne'er would bend my ſteps this fatal way.
But now to eaſe my melancholic mind,
I to my cuſtom'd country-houſe * repair
Where balmy milk in fragrant ſteams exales
And quaff the ſalutary draught refreſh'd.
How ſweet is innocence, and rural peace,
With competence and bleſt retirement crown'd!
Sometimes to *Collin*'s † bow'r, I take a walk,
And there inſtruct myſelf in honour's riſe,
And in a mirror view the noble man, ‡

* A farmer's in *Kentiſh-town*.

† Author of the peerage of *England*, at *Holloway*.

‡ ——Nobility in blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good
The nobleman is he, whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with inbred worth; unborrow'd from his kind.
Dryd.

Who's fill'd with innate glory, virtue's crown.
Honour is merit, not inheritance.
Sometimes with *Benſon, †*Fleming*, or a ‡*Burgh*
I talk of themes divine, with **Lardner* thee,
Whoſe credibility attracts the ſoul,
And makes it liſten to thy heav'nly lay,
Strength'ning, all doubt remov'd, my ſteady mind.
With pleaſure,---there, behold great *Milton*'s blood,
That Heav'n-born poet, whoſe exalted mind
Soar'd above nature's ſphere, brought Heav'n to view,
Diſplay'd the glories of eternal bliſs,
And painted paradiſe in it's firſt bloom.
O wond'rous genius! I thy race § revere,
Temper'd celeſtial; thou waſt of the firſt,
(If I miſtake not) in the rank of being

* Author of the hiſtory of the firſt planting the chriſtian religion.

† Reputed author of the Oeconomy of the Sexes; juſt publiſhed.

‡ Author of *Britain*'s Remembrancer, publiſh'd in 1746, keeping an academy at *Newington*.

** The learned author of the Credibility of the Goſpel Hiſtory, in *Hoxton-ſquare*.

§ Mrs. *Foſter*, *Milton*'s grand-daughter, now living in *Cock-lane* near *Shoreditch* church, keeping a chandler's ſhop. *Milton*'s Life, by Dr. *Newton*. New Edit.

Mortal

Mortal and finite: thy ſole ſelf a world.
What conventicle?---tabernacle there!
To me it ſeems of wild enthuſiaſm,
For pure religion that is heav'nly-temper'd
And undefiled, ſhuns the myſtic brow
And lawleſs ſeparation, ſtill ſerene,
And ſweetly ſocial with all human-kind
Simple and plain the evangelic truth;
Not ſo by viſionary *Behmen* * taught,
Combin'd with ſuperſtition's frantic zeal;
Thus unto me *R---n* and *W---d* ſhew:
Enthuſiaſm and popery; well compar'd †
See *Bedlam* there! the ſeat of loweſt woe,
The human mind extinct, that ſpark divine
Bright emanation of eternal light,
For God is pow'r, and reaſon, without bounds.
O ſight calamitous! it pains the ſoul
To think the maker's image can be ſunk,
So low as to become a chaos wild.
Lo there! the fruit of caſual *Venus* laid

* For myſtick learning wond'rous able
In magick, taliſman, and cabal,
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the wild *Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus* and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood.

† At *Knapton*'s, wrote by a biſhop.

In

In wicker-baſket; deſtin'd to worſe fate
Than ſlaves in gallies: in firſt youth to toil
For a black, barb'rous, ſooty taſk-maſter
More cruel far than *Mahometic* pride.
Quick thro' the city haſte.---*Auguſta*'s dome
Now greets my eyes; *Auguſta*'s dome the ſeat,
Of ſhining charity; a refuge ſure
For the calamities of all mankind
Behold the lame and ſick variouſly crowd:
One, in the painful drudgery of life,
Is of a limb depriv'd: ſome hidden cauſe
Waſtes that wan image to a walking ghoſt.
See, miſery in various ſcenes appears,
And pains the eye: Sad lot of human life!
But charity ſtill heals affliction's wounds,
And pours in balm with hoſpitable hand.
Here uſeful med'cines are diſpos'd in rows,
And cleanly rooms the friendly air receive,
While order and convenience crown the whole.
Methinks I now in viſionary light,
Great *Richmond* ſee, ſtill hov'ting with a ſmile
That ſhines with charity, and love divine.
But he's now gone, and loſt to vulgar eyes,
Yet *Devonſhire* and *Hartington* fill his place:
Long may great *Ca'ndiſh* line in fame ſurvive!

Where lead my wand'ring footſtep's now? the
Fleet
Preſents her tatter'd ſons in luxury's cauſe;
Here venerable crape and ſcarlet cheeks,
With noſe of purple hue, high eminent,
And ſquinting leering looks, now ſtrike the eye,
B-ſh-p of Hell once in theſe precincts call'd,
Renown'd for making thoughtleſs contracts; here
He reign'd in bloated, reeling majeſty,
And paſs'd in ſottiſhneſs and ſmoke his time;
Rever'd by GIN's adorers, and the tribe
Who paſs in brawls, lewd jeſts, and drink, their days
Sons of low, groveling riot, and debauch.
Here cleric grave from *Oxford* ready ſtands,
Obſequious to conclude the Gordian knot,
Entwin'd beyond all diſſolution ſure;
A reg'lar this, from *Cambridge*; both alike
In artful ſtratagem to tye the nooſe,
While women, do you want the parſon, cry.
Behold! what ſhocks the eye, intoxicate,
A tatter'd female drunk, with ſulph'rous GIN,
In high proceſſion born, and wicker pride,
Her legs wide——ſprawling, portrait true of ſhame,

To

To durance ſhe is carried with huzza's
Of a broad-ſtaring, gaping, lew'd-mouth'd crowd.
All conqu'ring GIN, how great thy triumphs here!
But turn my eyes to where *Pomona*'s wealth,
Is in rich ſcenes diſplay'd, with herbage round
Sweet breathing, fragrant in the ambient air,
Brought lately from ſome garden's fruitful ground.
Each Senſe is now regal'd with eſſence ſweet,
And noxious city-ſteams no more offend.
But what majeſtic dome now ſtrikes my eyes,
With royal grandeur tow'ring high? 'tis *Paul*'s,
Paul the great doctor of the nations ſtil'd,
Whoſe zeal embrac'd the earth, reform'd mankind,
And brighten'd all the world with chriſtian light.
Now in fair ſhops I meet bright learning's ſtores.
Here *Stackhouſe* ſhines, and *Jortin*'s well-writ book,
Pleas'd I peruſe: or *Law*'s thy hallow'd pray'r.
Warburton! here thy learned work diſpels
The *Julian* darkneſs; baffles *Gentile* rage,

And vindicates the *chriſtian* excellence,
The pow'r miraculous, and hand divine!
Wickſtead! thy man's whole duty; then invites
To read thy candid rules, by art refin'd
From harſhneſs, or too-learn'd obſcurity.
There *Watts* condems fierce *Mahometic* rage,
And ſooths the ſoul to love with lyric ſtrains.
Buchanan, Johnſton, with their art divine
Preſerve the warmth of *oriental* flame,
And call the muſic forth of *David*'s lyre;
Buchanan, Johnſton, Scotia's famous ſons,
Renown'd for lofty, ſweet, harmonious verſe,
High-ſeated on *Parnaſſus*' flow'ry top,
And emulating with their ſtrains the ſpheres,
Reſponſive to angelic harps of gold.
Lo, *Ware!* for ſacred learning's ſale well-known,
And *Middleton*, expos'd in *Manby*'s ſhop,
For thoſe who love religious labyrinths:
I chuſe the flow'ry paths of ſhining truth.
See *Smart* encircled by the radiant ſun,
And victor-like with palm and laurel crown'd.
There D--t--r's C--m- ns, * that religious net,
That

* They will raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve them in a trice.

As

That *Engliſh* inquiſition; for who falls
Into their artful toils, will ſorrowing know
All pious thraldom not to *Spain* confin'd;
Behold them rev'rent! O religious court!
To make the burden of connubial life!
Of ſocial, of patrician, a clogg'd load,
With impoſitions againſt public good.
Here, hieroglyphic ſign, where dulneſs groans
And cries more weight, behold---the cumbrous load
Declares how avarice unequal weight
Can bear, and braying aſs-like crouch for more.
See here the ſkilful *Actor* in full view,
Juſt rules for thoſe imaginary kings
Who tread the pompous ſtage, and win new worlds
For lux'ry, pageantry, and daily bread;
As the *Pellæan* ſon of thund'ring *Jove*,
Who ſunk in *Babylon*---as ſome in ſtews.
O *Woodfall!* * I thy curious art admire,
Which like creation, in juſt order bright,

As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd,
Or like a mountebank did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again.

* See *Watſon* on the art of printing.

Brings

Brings fair, ideal worlds before my eyes.
Thy writings *Maddox* * now my mind invite,
Which ſuperſtitious violence decry,
And arbitrary, wild, tyrannic ſway.
Hervey! thy meditations pure delight
My raptur'd mind: with thee and *Young* my ſoul
Dares a bold flight beyond the ſtarry pole.
Now *Richardſon* thy cauſes of decline,
Amuſe my thought: can *Britain* diſregard
A work ſo juſt? but what won't error do?
Who ſhuts her eyes on truth, and public good:
Leather † converts to gold by magic charms.
But lo! at *Cooper*'s, all one huddle mixt,
Where *Chapman* charms thy ſenate's noble voice.
In *Aſiatic* ſtate, a *conclave* there
Auguſtly ſeated view: on golden *Ind*
They ponder deep: in vain, lo! *Orient* ‡ comes;

* His ſermon preached at *Worceſter*, *October* the 9th, 1746, with a new preface touching the late edicts againſt the proteſtants in *France*.

† One penny a pound drawback to the exporter, which is ſo much gain (equally) to foreigners ar it is loſs to us. See Cauſes of Decline.

‡ Summon'd by the proprietors of *India* ſtock, to appear at their general court, *March* 21, 1750. to prove a memorial he had delivered, on the ſtate of the military government in *India* twelve years before. See his (the author's) intended ſpeech, printed on that occaſion. *M. Cooper*.

Remon-

Remonſtrances are vain; while error pleads,
And ſtronger grows by independant pow'r,
Thus venal brawlers * drown the voice of truth;
Directors ſhould for an enquiry free
Another column raiſe of equal law
'Leventh committee let it be inſcrib'd †
That honeſt ſervants may have fair redreſs,
And pepper, coffee, muſlins, pay the coſt.
And ‡ tea like *Midas* change to profit, loſs.
See in committee's chair a feeble *L---g* §
A lame vice-gerent; he—appointed how?
For weakneſs, and not honour poſted there.
I move to right; ** but not in dire diſmay

* One of them, *W---le* mov'd, that thanks might be given the D-r-ct-rs for the care they had taken of *Madras*.

† The annual liſt of the directors of the *Eaſt-India* company is at preſent divided into ten ſeparate committees.

‡ The author was the cauſe of 109 ſhoes of gold, value about 5000 *l.* being reſtored to the company (1744) for ſo much fraudulently overcharged on two of their ſhips cargoes from *China*; (1739) the moiety of his original concern (2000 *l.*) in the ſaid money thus ſaved, to all concerned, they have not only detained, but expelled him, after a courſe of thirty years active and faithful ſervice.

§ Mr. *L--g.* chairman of the committee of proprietors, who ſat at *Will*'s-*Coffee-houſe*, in *Cornhill*

A feeble crutch on which they leant;
For he too ſunk underneath the *State*
That rode him above *horſeman*'s *weight*.

** *Right.*] At the ſiege of *Carwar* in *India*, 1718. this word (*right about*) on the appearance of twenty of the enemies horſe, threw a body of 1200 *Bombay* troops into confuſion, and happy was he that could run the faſteſt: The author preſent as commiſſary and ſecretary on that expedition.

As

As once ſome daſtard, ſpurious ſons of *Mars*
In hollow phalanx form'd; who fled at fight
Of twenty horſe: ſo had their noſes ſlit,
Diſhoneſt fight! all mangled o'er with wounds.
Strait I behold the pillar riſe in air,
Sad monument of dreadful, raging flames,
Devouring wide *Auguſta!* thy fair tow'rs.
Horrid deſtruction! when the city ſeem'd,
As delug'd by a flood of *Ætna*'s fires.
Stern, Burnet! you diſplay the papal wrath,
And *Bower* draws more large the ghaſtly ſcene.
But what aſcending water meets my eyes!
Which cleanſes th'ordure of polluted ſtreets,
Or checks ſome conflagrations growing horrors.
'Tis *Middleton!* thy gift: O wond'rous man!
Whoſe bright inventive mind, with uſeful art
Could thus afford what nature had denied,
And ſpread this elemental good thro' tubes,
Of cleanneſs, and of blooming health the ſource:
Juſt as the ſanguine tide in purple ſtreams
Thro' all the microcoſm ſtill circling glides
Myſterious, ſpring of animated pow'rs.
Ah! had thy country's voice foreſtall'd thy fate,

I cou'd have view'd thy works with more delight.
Hodges, thy work divine on *Job*, now ſooths
My ſoul to patience, and ſweet thoughts reſign'd
As in tranſparent mirror fully view'd.
What groupe of moving figures fills my eye,
Females and men, carts, coaches, mingled all,
A chaos of mankind, gaining their way
O'er yonder crowded bridge: thoughtful they paſs
For fear of a miſhap, ſtill joſtling on;
An emblem of the rubs of human life.
Here let me praiſe the magiſtrate, who ſmooth'd
The rugged'ſt part, the weak to ſave from harm,
Guarding the way 'gainſt brutiſh inſolence,
Intoxication turbulent, or ſpleen,
Or pride that will not ſtop for human life:
Contemplate now my ſoul this ſtructure large
Of ages paſt the noble monument,
When *England* greatly ſtrove for publick good,
And then in viſion ſaw th'united world,
Her ſhi[illegible] conjoining ev'ry part, each land,

As here a world epitomiz'd is join'd.
Look on the flowing and reflowing wave
An emblem of the circulating tide
Of univerſal commerce; now it ſtops a-while
To flow impetuous; all then ſmooths agen.
Viciſſitude of tow'ring human pride!
What folly to deſtroy a nation's good
(Which like the vital heat ſhould warm the whole)
With intereſts oppoſite, and thwarting views,
The merchant brings rich ſpices from the *Eaſt*,
Soft ſilks, and ſun-burnt *Afric*'s golden ore.
The huſbandman calls forth the yellow grain
The ſtrength of life, from the rich furrow'd field;
And feeds ten thouſand flocks, which friſking play,
Whoſe woolly fleeces ſpun by ſkilful hands
Are both defence, and ornament to man.
See the large herds ſpread o'er the ſhining vales,
And bellowing raiſe their lofty heads in air,
Of ſize enormous, like the elephant.
The ſprightly courſer view; who ſcours the plains
And ſcorns the bit; he ſhakes the ſolid ground,

And

And from his noſtrils ſtreams the living fire
While quick as light'ning he deludes the
ſight,
And horſe and horſeman vaniſh into air.
Not *Gallia*, or *Iberia*'s luſcious wines
Nor fam'd *Italia*'s fragrant, orange groves,
With all their eſſences, and rich perfumes
Nor *India*, glitt'ring with her gems and gold,
Can with thy wealth, *Britannia* bleſt, com-
pare,
Crown'd with the love-luxuriant of Heav'n.
Miſuſe not then it's choiceſt gifts; be wiſe;
Nor pull down vengeance by ingratitude
From a paternal ſtill relenting hand.
Ah! dread the hour unknown, thou fel'ſt the
ſhock, *
When ſtruggling ſulphur rock'd thy lofty
tow'rs,
And earth with cumbrous guilt was heard to
groan:
Thy ſons and daughters in diſmay retir'd
And pallid fear unbrac'd their nerves, as when
From hoſtile *Scotia*'s bands falſe rumour came

* Earthquake in *London* and parts adjacent, *Feb.* and *March* 8. 1750, when ſeveral of the inhabitants fled from the city a month after for fear of a third.

Two days, too long! the *Jeſuit* * then appear'd,
And *William* in true luſtre brighter ſhone.
What ſtructure yonder in the purple *Weſt*, †
Riſes reſplendent emulous of thee
Luxurious: Ah! *Auguſta* fair!
Avoid the ruine of inteſtine vice,
Pride, av'rice, and venal beauty's bane
Pois'ning with her *Circæan* cup mankind.
Thus *Tyre* and *Sidon*, lofty *Carthage* thus,
And *Rome* imperial ſunk in humble duſt.
Majeſtic *Rome!* I weep thy fall, the ſeat
Of God-like freedom once and lib'ral arts,
Great *Julius* firſt thy liberty o'erthrew,
Succeeding monſters finiſh'd the dire ſcene
That nothing of thy priſtine charms remain'd,
Thy honour by tyrannic ſway extinct,
And all the glories faded on thy brow.
But turn my eyes to yonder brilliant ſight
Thoſe ſhips in order rang'd, with taper maſts
And painted ſtreamers playing in the winds
A floating city meets my wond'ring eyes,
A city not confin'd to narrow walls
Or limits fix'd: but ſailing ev'ry where,

* Falſe report prevailed in *London*, two days before the truth of the battle of *Culloden* was known, *April* 16, 1746.

† *New-Bridge*, at *Weſtminſter*.

With canvas wings; the globe's metropolis.
That ſhip is laden with rich *China* ſtores,
With ſpicy odours this, and *Ophir*'s gold:
That with *Nectarean* fruits, and *Cyprian* wines.
Delightful ſcene! how juſtly art thou proud,
And gently flow'ſt in full, majeſtic ſtate,
O ſilver *Thames!* with the world's riches crown'd.
O happy *England*, by thy commerce bleſt!
But did not induſtry thy vales enrich
With cattle and the thick luxur'ant grain,
Neptune's bold ſons in vain would ſilks import,
Herrings * might uſeleſs rot upon thy lands.
Behold that brute who beats the bleating calves,
And kicks the harmleſs lamb; who goads the ox
O'er-wearied, tott'ring to the ſlaughter-houſe:
Pity, ſuch villains breathe the vital air,
Worſe than the dogs they barb'rouſly employ:
Hell-hounds not men, who take delight in pain.
---The pauſe not long, a diff'rence to deſcry.
St. *Thomas* ſee, and *Guy*'s fair ſtructures raiſe,

* *Herrings.*] See diſſertation on the plan, uſe and importance of the univerſal dictionary of trade and commerce, latter part, herewith comporting.

Lazars of all the woes of human kind,
See ſickly mortals crowding.; ev'ry name
Of dire diſeaſe finds refuge here; the worſt,
The laſt ill-fated mis'ry of our race:
That ruins life, and late poſterity.
Lo! there the *hill*, for * juſtice fam'd of old,
Juſtice with mercy mingled. Pity, then,
For raſh attempts ſo many men ſhould die:
Had prudence been their guide, *George* had been pleas'd
To ſee them flouriſh in a free-born ſtate.
O *Ironſide*, and *Belchier*, cou'd I raiſe
A monument eternal to your names,
For love of juſtice; did the muſes join,
You ſhou'd in *Fame*'s immortal temple ſhine:
What pleaſure to behold the lawyer † balk'd,

* For juſtice tho' ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker part inclin'd,
Like charity, elſe right and wrong,
Cou'd never hold it out ſo long.

† For he that has but impudence
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
For law's the wiſdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt ſages.
So lawyers left the bear defendant,
And plantiff dog ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with writs of error,
Reverſe of judgment and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.

And

And honeſty freed from his 'tangling net!
As court of *Conſcience*, * cou'd of *Honour* †
too,
A ſhrine be rais'd; true *Honour*'s what I mean,
Then *Britain* wou'd not weep ſo many ſons,
That might have been the bliſs of human-
kind.
True honour prompts us to lay down our
life,
For our own country's good, or all the
world's:
Thus *Rome* in all it's courage thought, great
Rome!
Heroic, not for nightly, caſual brawls,
Unſeemly, or a motive meaner ſtill,
To plant fair virtue, where it never grew;
She thought whoever lov'd his native ſoil,
Wou'd only risk his life in her juſt cauſe:
I would not mention here th' unhappy men,

* Cannot the learned council there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?
Can they not juggle, and with ſleight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear
As *Lapland* witches bottl'd air?

† *Honour* is like a glaſſy bubble
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crack'd, the whole does fly.
And *Wits* are crack'd to find out why.

Who

Who injur'd much themſelves, their country more
By their untimely death, to wound the ſtate,
And fill their families with laſting woe.
Grieve now, my ſoul! to ſee th' effects of GIN,
Pollution of great *England*'s *Patron*'s church *
With beſtial riot on its hallow'd ſteps,
Too horrid here to name: the ſun himſelf
Muſt pallid ſure have view'd theſe orgies foul
And hid his beams, as at *Thieſtian* feaſt.
My muſe, by this forc'd mention, fears the tongue
(Tho' dictated by truth) of public blame.
What ſcene preſents itſelf! ſee there † the ſons
Of baſe *Egyptian* ſpawn; the pilf'ring elves,
Nightly aſſiſtants, round them ready wait,
Prowling on all ſides: eaſt and weſt they come,
To ruin, and deſtroy th' induſtrious man,
Who labours to maintain his family,
And live by his own country's equal laws:
Behold!---their coadjutors now appear,

* St. *George the Martyr.*
† *Kent-ſtreet*, a common harbour for gypſies and ſmugglers.

For

For robbing merchants fam'd; the farmer's barn,
Pigs metropolitan too mean a prey.
Let paſs ſuch wretches:---there an object comes
Clouded at firſt, but nearer coming charms
My warmeſt wiſhes; 'tis my trueſt friend
In whom is ſumm'd each tender, cordial bliſs,
My heart o'erflows, no human glee is more.
Oh! wedded love, that name which comprehends,
All pure affections, duties mixt in one,
Thy law myſterious beyond mortal thought!
Such is the will of god; the pattern pure,
If truly known, of heaven's tranſcendent love.
Lo there in next degree, all charities
That nature knows, *Lucinda* * like a flow'r
Fair op'ning to the radiant ſun of life,
For Heav'n benign, form'd woman in it's love.
Lucinda dear! my ſoul's diſſolv'd in kindneſs,
Pure, like the glowing charities of Heav'n,
That pleaſe the eye of God, all pure in light,
How rapt'rous mutual love prevented thus!
Sweetly by mutual zeal. Happy my child

* *Lucy* the author's daughter nine years old, to whom her mother paid the firſt viſit after her being at the boarding-ſchool.

O *Coates*, * by thy kind care, which in the dawn
Of reaſon's morn fills all the mind with thoughts
By duty form'd, and virtues ſacred rules.
See from the mother and the daughter's eyes
Soft tears of pleaſure flow, delightful ſight!
And then at parting, with alternate throes
Of nature, trickling ſorrow gently fall.
Charming viciſſitude! *Timotheus* lyre †
Cou'd not tho' touch'd by art divine produce
Sounds more harmonious to charm the ear,
Than theſe expreſſive ſigns to charm the eyes.
See there with charity majeſtic riſe
A royal building, for thoſe worthy ſons
Who fear'd not danger in their country's cauſe,
Who ſtruggled with th' inclemency of Heav'n,
And ocean raging in its dreadful forms.
How juſt to give courageous virtue reſt,
And ſmooth the ſtage of rugged human life.
Lo there thy manſion happy *Wolfe!* in tye
Connubial, bleſt with all the choiceſt gifts
Of heav'n in it's propitious hour; thy ſpouſe

* Governeſs of the boarding-ſchool at *Greenwich*.

† She burſt into tears on hearing the author read Mr. *Lyttleton*'s monody when ſhe was ſix years old, *Lucy* condoling.

Of *Tindal* * ſprung, the faireſt, brighteſt gem,
Of a bleſt mother, grac'd with beauty's charms:
Lucinda juſtly call'd; in whoſe bright face
Was mingled ev'ry dazling excellence,
With wiſdom, dignity, and honour crown'd.
Thrice happy *Greenwich!* thou, the happy place,
Where royal *George*, the firſt, at landing came,
With countenance benign; the joyful multitude
Around him view in grateful rapt'rous thought,
And join again th' exulting pomp of triumph.
Here *Fred'rick*, *Saxa-Gotha* met, bright pair!
Of ſouls congenial mingled in ſweet love:
All tacit, prais'd her blooming beauty's charms,
And gaz'd inſatiate; with good omen'd thoughts
Hoping the future ſplendor of their country,
In a long happy race of gen'rous kings,
Renown'd for courage and heroic deeds.
My mind thus ſwell'd, by *Thames* I homeward come:

* Mrs. *Thompſon* of *Marſton* in *Yorkſhire*, *Lucy*, the author's godmother: in honour of whom his daughter was named; her daughter, Mrs. *Whetham*, ſtanding godmother.

And view the brilliant ſky with thouſand gems
Illumin'd: there the ſolemn ſilver moon
Slow-riſing o'er the dark her mantle throws,
And makes me ſcarce deſire the ſolar light.
Ten thouſand twinkling ſtars delight my eyes,
Ah! what are theſe? I muſe; ſome golden domes,
Some happy ſtations of angelic pow'rs,
Or other worlds! I with great *Milton* pauſe.
Enough for me, that raviſh'd I behold
The blue expanſe, and æther ſpangled all
With lucid gems, and ſparkling drops of gold.
My thoughts now turn, but with amazement due
On great *Jehovah*, nature's awful lord,
Array'd with majeſty, enthron'd in light,
Whoſe pow'r creative form'd thoſe radiant heav'ns
In their bright orders, hang theſe luminaries;
And baniſh'd darkneſs from the hours of night.
Arriv'd: I with my wife converſe, then ſup
In peace * on wholſome food which *India* yields,

And

* Lovely laſting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind,

Heav'nly

And in harmonious talk deceive an hour:
I then ſubmit my eyes to balmy ſleep
Lull'd with pure joys, content, and happy dreams.
On *Sunday*'s morn, when ſhining ſtreaks of day
Dawn bright: O *Kemp!* I to thy bath * repair
Secluded from all riot: to health ſacred,
And the true purpoſes of human-good.
On other days the pleaſure-bath is free
To all who in cool limpid ſtreams delight.
Had *Virgil* known this ſweet retirement, he
Had prais'd it in immortal lofty verſe:
And hallow'd with poetic power the ſpring,
Then gratitude for benefits made man
Religious: fancy ev'ry ſhady grove,
Or purling ſtream ſome deity's reſort;
And fill'd with rev'rence the muſing mind.
Hence *Britiſh* bards of old in *Druid*-lays
Extoll'd their fountains, ſilver-purling-rills,
Daughters of *Ocean*, on whoſe moſſy banks,
Prophetic dreams and viſions fill'd their heads,

Heav'nly born and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know. *Parnel.*

* Cold bath, in *Old-Street*.

And

And the ſalubrious draught their thirſt allay'd.
I thence return with ſpirits refreſh'd, warm health
To hear thee, *Doughty!** from thy hands receive
The heav'nly banquet; or to read, O *Cawthorne!* †
Thy eaſy, unaffected, nat'ral lines.
Thus, hallow'd *Sunday!* paſs thy ſacred hours,
So beſt employ'd,----and not in riot ſpent,
Debauch, or ſupine eaſe, and negligence.
But, lo! on ev'ry *Sunday*'s ſplendid morn,
The ſons of wantonneſs in buſy crowds
Swarm o'er the neighb'ring plains, as thick as bees
On bloſſom'd hawthorns buz, or fragrant fields
Star-ſpangl'd with bright flow'rs: in lawleſs ſport
Jocund to leafy groves, and ſcenes of love,
Neglecting heav'ns juſt worſhip, they repair.

* Rector of St. *James, Clerkenwell.*

† Journeyman to a hard-ware-man, near *Aldgate*; he wrote a letter to the journeymen and ſervants in general, ſoon after the biſhop of *London*'s letter came out.

Ah! why are laws enacted without force?
Or ſleeps the magiſtrate when Heav'n's deſpis'd?
Better no laws than openly contemn'd.
In human minds can ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
Tho' ſafety whiſpers, yet a ſordid gain
O'erthrows all duty, ev'n a king's decree *
Is ſet at nought. Infection thro' the iſle
Licentiouſly is ſpread: the lowing herds †
To th' idol mammon mournful victims fall:
Thus avarice is prov'd idolatry,
The worſe perhaps left in a chriſtian land.
Hail exerciſe with virtuous muſing mixt!
Converſe divine! thou blooming health reſtor'ſt,
And driv'ſt far off all anxious, gloomy thoughts;
Dæmoniac frenzy, moaping black deſpair
Fly from thee, while the bright horizon round

* Orders of the privy council, often evaded and repeated in the *Gazette*, concerning the infection amongſt the horned cattle.

† The rivers, and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats, reſound;
At length fate ſtrikes an univerſal blow
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and heap'd on high,
The diff'ring ſpecies in confuſion lie. *Dry. Virg.*

Glows

Glows with the lamp of day, and ſpirits pure
Imbib'd with the freſh, morning--vernal air
Revive the noble ſprings of life, ſerene,
Calm, vig'rous, the ſource of joy divine:
A paradiſe: hail *Panacæan* balm!
Secure me ſtill againſt the ills of life
Which Indolence, and lux'ry muſt ſuſtain.
O! let me rather bright, æthereal fount
Of light, thy motion imitate, and ſtill
In contemplation view the verdant plains,
And all the riſing charms which nature yields,
In the revolving ſeaſons of the year.
All hail! once more to thee, thou happy parent
Of that bright offspring health, young cherubim
Which with perpetual bloom and beauty ſhines,
But ſloth and vice thy oppoſites beget,
Deform'd diſeaſe with foul diſtemper'd thoughts,
A mind enſavag'd, pining Atrophy,
And more than gloom *Cimmerian* in the ſoul.
Behold all nature florid in her charms,
Invites us to the verdant flow'ry fields,

And

And ſpring enraptures with her virgin bluſh:
Pale Indolence begone! freſh vigor calls
To climb the hills, enjoy the morning breeze
And riot on the ſweets of nature's prime.
Can dulneſs be ſo blind as to deprive
Itſelf of ſuch luxuriant happineſs
See vernal ſuns and fields pure joys preſent!
A paradiſe on earth, while the bright blood
Darts thro' it's tubes as ſolar light refin'd.
Hence ſuicide avaunt! with all thy rage:
The gloomy head, dire inſtruments of death,
The piſtol, razor, all hell's implements,
Stor'd in *Pandora*'s box, before thee fly,
Immortal Action! ſource of health and eaſe:
Foul, *diabolic* GIN, *Satanic* bev'rage
For thee, bleſt exerciſe! exchang'd with joy.

Here let me juſtly ſhew my gratitude
To thee, great author! * of the rule for time's
Employment wiſe; thy full, ingenious book,
As the ſun's rays in lucid cryſtal join'd
The precepts of antiquity diſplays,
Refin'd and methodiz'd by thee; here *Plato*,
And *Socrates* I find, whoſe ſacred light

* Of the Eſſays on the Employment of Time, lately publiſh'd.

Shone bright in *Athens*, and shew'd virtue fair:
Thy counsel following, I perpetual feel,
Sweet banquet of the mind, serenity,
And peace attendant in fair virtue's train.
Hail noble genius! and may future times
For public benefit extol thy name.

FINIS.

APPENDIX

* Of the Essays on the Employment of Time, lately published.

APPENDIX

FROM

The beſt POETS on Similar Subjects.

On the MORNING.

THE beaſts that under the warm hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring paſtures, raiſe
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow:
The chearful birds too on the tops of trees
Aſſemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the riſing ſun.

Otway.

Now the fair morn ſmiles with a purple ray,
Clearing before the ſun the *Eaſtern* way;
Whoſe radiant train pours from the gates of light,
And the new day does to new toils invite.

Black.

Now roſe the ruddy morn from *Tithon*'s bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
The early lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning grey;
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight.
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the dropping leaſe, and dries the dews.
The roſy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle ſhakes her tears:
The ſun, ariſing, mortals chears,
And drives the riſing miſts away,
In promiſe of a glorious day.

Dryd.

From amber ſhrouds I ſee the morning riſe;
Her roſy hand begins to paint the ſkies:
And now the City-Emmets leave their hive,
And rowſing hinds to chearful labour drive.
High cliffs and rocks are pleaſing objects now,
And nature ſmiles upon the mountain's brow;

The joyful birds ſalute the ſun's approach,
The ſun too laughs, and mounts his gawdy coach;
While from his car the dropping gems diſtil;
And all the earth and all the heav'ns do ſmile.
Lee.

Now morn her roſy ſteps in th' orient clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with eaſtern pearl.
And now went forth the morn array'd in gold,
And from before him vaniſh'd gloomy night,
Shot thro' with orient beams.
Mean while, to reſalute the world with ſacred light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with freſh dews embalm'd
The earth; and now the ſmiling morn begins
Her roſy progreſs.
Milton.

And now a glance from mild *Aurora*'s eyes
Shoots thro' the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies;
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'er-charg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home.

Lights

Light's chearful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are
ſpread,
And Miſs from *Inns o'Court* bolts out unpaid.
At length gay morn ſmiles in the eaſtern ſky;
From robbing ſilent graves the ſextons fly:
The riſing miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chanter at his early mattins yawns:
The vi'lets ope their buds, cowſlips their bells,
And *Progne* her complaint of *Tereus* tells.
Aurora on *Etetſian* breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly
morn.
Each flow'r in dew its ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps.

Garth.

On the SUN.

Mark how the luſty ſun ſalutes the ſpring,
And gently kiſſes ev'ry thing:
His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,
Search all the treaſures, all the ſweets devour;
Then on the earth with bridegroom heat,
He do's ſtill new flow'rs beget.
The glorious ruler of the morning ſo,
But looks on flow'rs, and ſtrait they grow;

And when his beams their light unfold,
Ripens the dulleſt earth and warms it into gold.
The ſelf ſame ſun
At once does flow and ſwiftly run:
Swiftly his daily journey goes,
But treads his annual with a ſtatlier pace
And does three hundred rounds encloſe
Within one yearly circle ſpace;
At once with double courſe, in the ſame ſphere
He runs the day and walks the year.

Cowley.

EVENING.

The approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;
While curling ſmokes from village tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Now to the main the burning ſun deſcends,
And ſacred night her gloomy veil extends,

Pope.

The

The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatters the remains of day.
Addiſ.

The ev'ning now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns his yoke, the hind his care:
The clouds aloft with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the flow'rs below.
The batt with ſooty wings flits thro' the grove
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpine move:
And all the feather'd folks forbears their lays of love.
Gar.

The gilded planet of the day,
In his gay chariot, drawn by fire,
Was now deſcending to the ſea,
And left no light to guide the world,
But what from *Chloris'* brighter eyes was hurl'd.
Behn.

As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps o'erſpread
Heav'ns chearful face, the tow'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd ſnow, or ſhow'r;
If chance the radiant ſun, with farewel ſweet

Extend

Extend his ev'ning beams, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.

Milt.

The Moon.

——— The moon,
Riſing in clouded majeſty at length
Unveil'd her peerleſs light;
She o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw,
And in her pale dominion check'd the night.

Milt.

The queen of night, whoſe vaſt command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land;
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides at midnight reigns.

Hud.

Spring.

When ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play;
When painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
And ſwallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
Now laviſh nature has adorn'd the year,
Now the pale primroſe, and blue vi'let ſpring,

And birds eſſay their throats, diſus'd to ſing.
See on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring,
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditties ſing;
See meads with purling ſtreams, with flow'rs the ground,
The grottoes cool with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbors ſwerv'd around.
Dryd.

Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's paſt, the winds and tempeſts fly,
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Pope.

SWALLOW.

The ſwallows, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſue the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold
But wiſely ſhun the perſecuting cold.
When frowning ſkies begin to change their chear,
And time turns up the wrong ſide of the year
They ſeek a better Heav'n, and warmer climes;

But

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us
to know. *Dryd.*

QUIET.

In ſtorms, when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind ſtars the pilot guide,
Shew me at ſea the boldeſt there,
That doth not wiſh for quiet here,
For quiet, friend! the ſoldier fights,
Bears weary marches, ſleepleſs nights;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Otway.

GROVE.

And now my muſe what moſt delights her
ſees,
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold ſons of earth! that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green palaces the firſt kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch wiſe counſellours they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred groves grew wiſe.
Wall.

On Sloth.

Mean time the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd,
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in array'd;
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns,
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir *Porter* ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence.

On ſeeing in M. S. the Poem, intituled, The Morning Walk, *or* Benefit of Exerciſe.

To the Author.

HOW good, how wiſe! thus to inſtruct mankind,
To make the body healthy, clear the mind
From perturbations freed, and black deſpair,
By mod'rate exerciſe, and morning air.

How

How pleaſant in the early bluſhing morn,
When odours blow from ev'ry fragrant thorn,
When vallies with ten thouſand beauties ſhine,
And our iſle ſeems like *Eden*, half divine,
To wander, and imbibe the vernal breeze,
Impregnate with the balm of bloſſom'd trees!
Read but theſe maxims by example taught,
They'll entertain, but give no pain to thought;
Here's nothing, but th'overflowing of a mind,
To all the world benevolent and kind;
Which of content, and ſacred peace poſſeſt,
Is then, when others are, moſt fully bleſt.
Pardon, great Man! (if goodneſs gives the Name)
Nor think it, to be prais'd by me, a ſhame:
For cou'd my muſe do juſtice to your mind,
You ſhou'd be lov'd, eſteem'd by all mankind.

Sylvanus.

OCCASIONAL VERSES,

By the ſame AUTHOR.

The COTTAGE.

BEHOLD a cleanly rural cottage riſe
Half loſt in wood, that charms the raviſh'd eyes,
Around it winds a flow'ry circling green,
And at a diſtance a fair river's ſeen;
The white-arm'd virgins milk the cows, and lambs
Purſue in ſportive play their bleating dams.
A varied beauty the ſweet ſcenes diſcloſe,
Here glows a violet, and there a roſe,
While a bright riv'let thro' a garden glides,
And feeds a thouſand flow'rs on its fair ſides.
Green bloſſom'd hedges part th' enchanted ground,
And vernal gales diffuſe the fragrance round.

On

On the SUPREME BEING.

IMmenſe thy pow'r! through all preceding time
Thou reign'dſt Jehovah, King of Kings, ſublime.
E'er lofty mountains rear'd their tow'ring head,
Or the bright arch of Heav'n o'er all was ſpread.
Thou waſt the father of the world to come,
Wrapt in thy will all nature, as a womb.
As graſs, frail man, now blooms, now decays;
For, who can bound thy pow'r, or know thy ways?
Th'extent of time in all its circling round,
A point, an atom in thy reck'ning found.
The hero's glory, and the ſacred buſt,
With all the glare of pride muſt ſink to duſt:
Titles and crowns, and ſcepters be no more,
Like praiſe that's writ upon a ſandy ſhore.
Th'eternal pow'rs of Heav'n itſelf muſt ſhake,
And all creation to the centre quake,

How

How can man's arrogance reſiſt thy ire?
When nations, kingdoms, nature, all expire.

To Miſs LUCY DRAPER *on her* Birth-day, *aged Nine Years.*

BRight, illuſtrious, ſparkling gem!
Of a noble, virtuous ſtem;
Folded, in whoſe bud does lie,
All that charms the mind or eye;
Let me hail the happy light,
Which firſt bleſs'd us with your ſight;
For in you we promis'd are,
All that's lovely, good, and fair;
Chaſte *Diana*'s virgin grace,
With the ſmiles of *Hebe*'s face,
And the luſtre that does ſhine,
From bright wit, and truth divine.
Swiftly may the circling ſun
Thro' the gilded zodiac run;
Ever happy to you riſe,
Brighter make for you the ſkies;
Till you ev'ry bleſſing know,
Lodg'd in a kind parent's vow;
Till your cup of bliſs run o'er,
So full, life can hold no more:

May

May you then in heaven prove
All the joys of endleſs love.

Inſcribed to Mr. Daniel Draper, *on his writing the Ship* Boſcawen's *Voyage to* Bombay *in the* Eaſt-Indies (Anno 1749.) *publiſhed in* October *laſt.*

EXperienc'd, young! whoſe bright, ingenious pen
So well deſcribes ſeas, diſtant climes and men,
They preſent ſeem: We o'er the ocean fly,
And ſee new ſtars beneath another ſky.
Bold, vent'rous ſhips o'er the wide billows ſweep,
Nor fear the ſlumb'ring horrors of the deep:
Man dares theſe terrors for a publick good,
Nor dreads dire rocks beneath the rolling flood.
See ocean riſes in its frightful forms,
Heav'n darkens round, ſeas ſwell with hideous ſtorms;
The thunder roars, fierce lightnings fright the eye,
And floods of rain pour ruſhing from the ſky:

In the tremendous ſwell, now here, now there
The veſſel's whirl'd; the boldeſt feel ſome fear;
Sails, ſail-yards rattling fly o'er burſting waves,
And the proud ocean againſt Heav'n raves:
The yielding planks admit the briny tide,
And death appears in all its dreadful pride.
O let me hail thee! youthful, brave, and wiſe,
Who could the dangers of the deep deſpiſe;
By ev'ry ſcene of nature ſtill improve;
Steer by bright honour's and fair virtue's love;
With courage arm'd, fair eaſtern climes explore,
By love of knowledge fir'd beyond their ore:
May ſhading providence protect thy days,
And ſoon attain bright glory's deathleſs praiſe.

To Miſs Gravett, *playing on the Harpſichord.*

BRight maid! poſſeſs'd of ev'ry grace,
An angel mind, as well as face;
Pardon a youthful timorous muſe,
Nor to my lays a ſmile refuſe.

Whene'er

Whene'er I view your brilliant eyes,
Sweet raptures ev'ry ſenſe ſurprize;
Not vernal roſe, or lilly fair,
Can with your blooming charms compare:
For beauty triumphs in your face.
In all her pomp, in all her grace.
Inſatiate cou'd I ever gaze,
In wonder loſt ten thouſand ways.
On thoſe bright locks, that ſnowy ſkin,
And fairer mind that ſhines within:
While ev'ry gentle action warms,
And heightens all your heav'nly charms.
What melting, ſweet, melodious ſound,
Thus wraps me in *Elyſium* round?
Oh! with what art the ſtrings you move,
And waken ev'ry pow'r of love?
While with ſoft joy the mind o'erflows,
A greater---Heav'n ſure only knows.
O happy he! ſupremely bleſt!
Of ev'ry mortal wiſh poſſeſt,
Who ſhall enjoy ſuch radiant charms,
And claſp your beauties in his arms!

The SENTIMENT.

HAppy the man! with virtue bleſs'd, and ſenſe,
Who paſſes life in eaſe and ſhuns offence;
Whom each revolving ſun with pleaſure fills,
Who in ſweet rev'ry viſits plains and hills:
In ſacred ſhade delights thro' groves to ſtray,
And ſhun the ſultry heat of a hot day;
There, by the brink of ſome ſoft murm'ring brook,
Deceives the time, enraptur'd with a book;
With *Plato* ſoars above low-thoughted care,
Enamour'd of the firſt ſupremely fair;
With *Virgil*'s noble verſe this thought refines,
Or *Horace*'s more poignant witty lines.
In queſt of wealth let merchants croſs the deep,
While watchful cares break off their nightly ſleep;
And from rich *India*'s late diſcover'd ſhore
Import the ſilver and the golden ore.
For me, might I, with competency bleſs'd,
Enjoy a calm, uninterrupted reſt;

Riches

Riches and honours too I would refuſe,
And the unenvy'd rural pleaſure chuſe.
O let me in a homely cottage live!
Which all the real joys of life ſhall give;
May near it be a grove, with a pure ſpring,
Where I, while harmleſs birds above did ſing,
Would walk beneath, or on the verdure lie,
And liſten to their artleſs melody:
Thus, free from all deſires, ev'n that of praiſe,
I'd paſs my happy, tho' inglorious days.
But ſtill ſhou'd ye, O muſes! be my care;
For who cou'd e'er leave miſtreſſes ſo fair?
Whoſe converſation does ſuch charms diſplay,
That the bleſs'd time glides unperceiv'd away.
This life deſerv'd the chief of poets praiſe,
Nor paſs'd unmention'd in great *Maro*'s lays:
Twas this the modeſt *Cowley* ſo admir'd,
Cowley, whom virtue and the muſe inſpir'd:
And may I Heav'n like him propitious find,
If ne'er ambition did deceive my mind.

Inſcribed

Inſcribed to the Memory of Laurence Coſter, *a Native of the Town of* Harlem *in* Holland, *firſt Inventor of the myſterious Art of Printing*, Anno 1420.

THOU learn'd inventor of that curious art,
Which with true wiſdom's phyſic cures the heart,
All hail! when thick'ning darkneſs threaten'd all,
Thou fill'dſt with ſplendor the benighted ball;
Drov'ſt far the ſhades, which dulneſs wou'd have ſpread,
And mad'ſt fair learning rear her laurell'd head:
All hail to thee! whoſe quick unbounded mind
Cou'd for a ſecond *Chaos* order find.
The *Grecian* muſes, but for thy kind aid,
Had ſlumber'd, known to few, in claſſic ſhade;
Monkiſh ſupineneſs, and illit'rate pride,
Had wrapt in gloom the wretched world beſide:
Thou fruſtrate mad'ſt the *Necromacer*'s ſkill,
And open'd knowledge to th' induſtrious will.

May

May round thy tomb the muſes ſing their lays,
And give to thy immortal merit praiſe!
What pity *Homer* had for ever ſlept
In ſome dull convent, or a caſket kept,
That *Virgil*, *Horace*, had by few been read,
And *Scholiaſts* broke ſecure old *Priſcian*'s head:
Yet this had been---had thou ne'er ſeen the light,
And all been wrap'd in one *Saturnian* night;
Thou ſaid'ſt, *Let Order be*---and all was bright.
Then ſuperſtition check'd her artful lore,
Prieſts modeſt grew, *Monks* fabulous no more;
Fair truth regain'd her ancient radiant throne,
And knaves and ignorance exploded mourn.
Such were *Directors* then of learning's ſtore;
Such now are *G-v-rn-rs* of *India*'s ore:
Heav'd into poſt by party, folly, pride,
While it's due truſt to merit is denied;
Unequal ſit, and with a ſhameleſs brow
Look down upon fidelity below,
Contemptuous---knowing whence their honours roſe---
From debts, from bribery, and jarring foes.

Like haughty *Popes*, oppreſſive *Captains* now
With pride or ſpleen make all beneath them bow;
With inſolence the want of worth ſupply,
And arm'd by pow'r remonſtrances defy.
Wills' narrative pathetic ſhews, that man
Is capable of the moſt ſavage plan;
Can in another's mis'ry take delight,
And gratify at life's expence *his* ſpite:
Can ev'n deprive of joy *fair Innocence* *,
And *Tyrant* for meer ſpleen and whim commence.
Here let me praiſe thee, noble *Bath!* who ſtood
The gen'rous patron of the publick good;
Oppos'd the advances of unlawful ſway,
And drove encroaching clouds from learning's day;
Would have the font of knowledge unconfin'd,
And liberty the right of all mankind:
Superior to each low unmanly art,
Fair truth, thou judg'ſt alone could win the heart;

* Miſs *Morley*, aged ſix years, brought from *India*, under Capt. *Crab*'s Guardianſhip, and refuſed by him to viſit her grandfather, Mr. *Draper*, though invited to it.

Nor feard'ſt the preſs would injure thy juſt claim
To a bright ſtation in the ſhrine of fame.
Watſon, I would not paſs thy merit's praiſe
But conſecrate thy name in tuneful lays;
Who ſhew'dſt thy gratitude to that wiſe mind,
Which bleſs'd with artful *Printing* firſt mankind.
At length let *England*'s noble genius riſe,
And ev'ry ſelfiſh intereſt deſpiſe;
Let arrogance be curb'd, and bloated ſcorn,
Fair virtue have the name of *nobly* born;
Let wealth and knowledge ſpread as free as wind,
And *England* be rever'd of all mankind.

On the Benefit of MORNING AIR.

WOULD you enjoy the ſweeteſt hour of day,
Then chuſe the morning in fair blooming *May*;
Range free the fields, and ſeek the rural bow'r;
At large expatiate, view each blooming flow'r:
Ten thouſand ſweets on ev'ry ſide around,
From bloſſom'd hedges breathe, and flow'ry ground.

Who wou'd in ſteamy city then confin'd,
Deprive of nature's pureſt joys the mind?
Nature is in her prime on ev'ry ſide,
She thoughtleſs ſeems to ſhew her virgin pride;
Who would not then the vernal breeze inhale,
And draw new ſpirits from each od'rous gale!
Who wou'd not with a friend, o'er meadows ſtray,
Or raptur'd paſs with poetry the day!
Happy the man with innocency bleſt,
Who is, at will, of theſe pure joys poſſeſt!
No greater bliſs on earth can ever be,
The reſt is love divine, infinity.

On COMPETENCY *and* RETIREMENT.

HAPPY the man! with competency bleſt,
Who in the country lives at eaſe, and reſt
Secure---From violent perturbations free;
From thee baſe luſt; or gilt ambition thee!
Who, in the morning, pleaſure takes to rove,
Viſits the fields, and ev'ry ſhady grove;
Upon the river's bank delights to ſtray,
Nor loſe the rapture of a vernal day;

Who

Who in ſimplicity and truth delights,
Spends ev'ry day in pleaſure, peace the nights;
Whoſe ſoul with bright humanity refin'd,
Is an unbounded friend to all mankind:
Whate'er ambition can in thought pretend---
This be my wiſh, and this my latter end!

To Miſs LUCY DRAPER, *on a* Roſe.

SEE that beauteous, blooming roſe,
All its fragrant ſweets diſcloſe!
Op'ning to the ſhining light,
In its vernal glory bright;
Seeming conſcious of its pow'r
Over each inferior flow'r:
But what pity it muſt die,
Which ſo charms the raviſh'd eye!
Ah! your ſweeter beauty muſt
Crumble into ſhapeleſs duſt;
Pale beneath a tomb-ſtone laid,
Happy, ſprightly, blooming maid!
When the ſcene of life is o'er,
And thoſe eyes ſhall ſhine no more,
Then what ſolace could attend
Parent, lover, or a friend,

Did not your fair virtues ſay,
We ſhall ſhine in endleſs day?

On the Inventor of Optic-Glasses.

HAIL great inventor of fair optic light!
Who cou'd reſtore in man the weaken'd ſight;
Cou'd to his eye bright faded ſcenes renew,
And bring creation to his raptur'd view,
How much indebted are to thee mankind,
For this wiſe ſolace of the drooping mind
In nature's frailty, when the viſual ray
Shews but the glimm'ring of life's wearing day,
Thou fill'dſt agen with joy the human heart,
When wav'ring hope was ready to depart:
Recall'dſt the ſtarry orbs, and ev'ry flow'r,
And nature ſhin'd by thy kind magic pow'r.
See vernal beauties all around us riſe;
Luxuriant ſcenes delight the raviſh'd eyes;
Age chear'd by nature's virgin beauties ſmile,
And a new *Eden* open in our fair iſle.
This obligation's great: but that the mind
Agen unlock'd the muſes ſprings ſhould find,

Is greater far.---What treaſures had conceal'd
To thouſands been, hadſt thou not all re-
veal'd?
The ſcripture's glory had been loſt in night
Hadſt thou not baffled time's and fortune's
ſpite.
Hail thou preſerver of bright learning's ſtore,
To ſacred age, to me, and millions more.

The SPLENDID MORNING.

HAIL lucid offspring of the radiant ſun!
Fair nature's pride; ſweet moment of
delight,
For hours in joy as ſwift as moments paſs.
What a diſplay of bright, refulgent charms
Doſt thou diſcloſe, when firſt the roſy ſkies
Are gilded in the ſpring with the ſun's rays?
A flood of glory raptures all the ſoul;
The Heav'ns with variegated clouds delight:
Here amber, there rich purple tints the ſkies.
While ſoft *Eteſian* gales on ſilken wings
Diffuſe ten thouſand ſweets and odors round,
With balm which gives new vigor to the
mind.

Then

Then, Oh! what rapture to behold the fields,
In flow'ry beauty: the fair, bloſſom'd trees
The plumb, the peach-tree, cherry, or thoſe gems,
Which nature ſcatters with a laviſh hand.
I pleaſure from a blooming hawthorn find.
Can gilded palaces, or tow'ring ſpires,
Compare with theſe true wonders of the world?
Alas! they cannot: here the hand of God
Creation half conceals, and half diſplays,
While nature burſting into life reveals
His ſacred energy, and pow'r divine.
O let me loſt in philoſophic thought!
Wander fair *Iſlington*'s delightful ſcenes
Or *Newington*'s: then to ſome height repair,
And view the varied, blooming proſpect round.
I envy not a throng: my ſoul entranc'd
Contemplates the firſt author: all around
Ten thouſand motives call for grateful praiſe;
But moſt a breaſt by charity refin'd
From foul diſtemper'd thought, or partial heats.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY *on* ETERNITY, *occaſion'd in a ſtorm off the Iſlands* St. Paul's *and* Amſterdam 38 *Deg. S. Lat. in the Ship* Houghton, *bound for* China, *Anno* 1739. *Capt.* Philip Worth, *Commander.*

WHAT ſcene tremendous ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul!
This wide expanſe of rolling ſeas alarms
The mind, and fills it with the dreadful thought
Of dark, unbounded, vaſt eternity.
How does th' amazing object ſwell the ſoul!
What awful doubts ariſe? am I ſecure
That pow'r immenſe, which form'd the ſpacious globe
Will thro' its ſhady lab'rinths lead me on
Safe amidſt nature's wars; unfolding time
Still turning round duration's endleſs wheel.
Ah! truly awful thought! my conſcious mind
Dreads the Almighty's inmoſt ſearching eye.
Oh! what new horror this; the ſurgy waves
Begin to riſe, and billows threaten Heaven:
See mountain-like they thunder to the ſkies.
Heaven's light's extinct, and the black watry world
Ourageous ſeems to mount up to the pole.

Can

Can a frail ſhip reſiſt all nature's ſhock
Tho' ribb'd with oak: did not th'Almighty's hand
Break the dire force, and rule the raving ſeas?
Impoſſible: all human art is vain.
Can man reſtrain th' impetuous thunder's rage
Or ſtop the lightning in its full career?
Then may he govern the tempeſtuous ſeas.
O ſave us! great, immenſe, all-preſent Being,
Who only can'ſt; thou mercy's boundleſs ſource,
Who with a golden ſceptre rul'ſt the ball.
What riſing hope ſupports my anxious mind!
Methinks bright mercy ſmiles; the darken'd ſkies
Regain their beauty, and the ſolar rays
Diſperſe the clouds; the winds forget to roar,
The billows fall, and the dread horrors ceaſe.
O what is man! that frail and wav'ring being,
Whom ev'ry moment threatens with deſtruction;
Did not thy hand unſeen avert the blow.
Oh! make me ſenſible of thy ſupport,
And guide me ſtill through dark futurity,
Till ſafe I land on the celeſtial ſhore,
Where from thy radiant face full torrents flow
Of happineſs ſupreme; while all the ſons
Of light drink, in full draughts, immortal bliſs.

The End of the Occasional Verses.